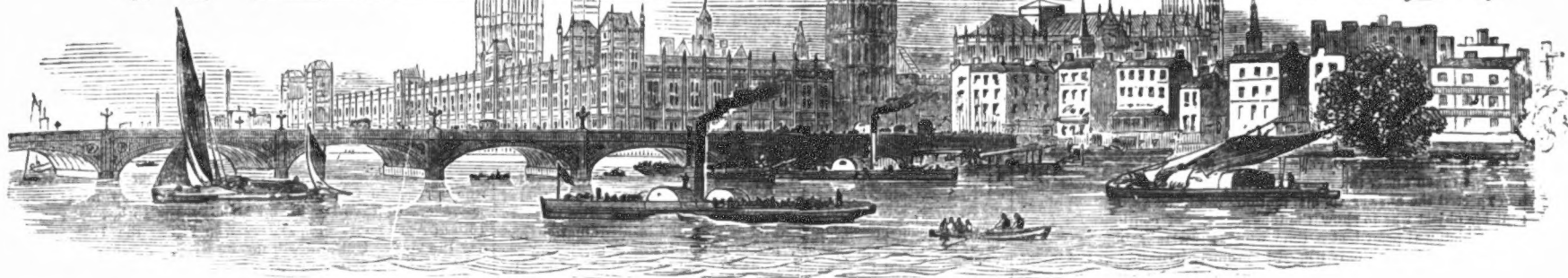


THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 9.—Vol. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP
AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867.

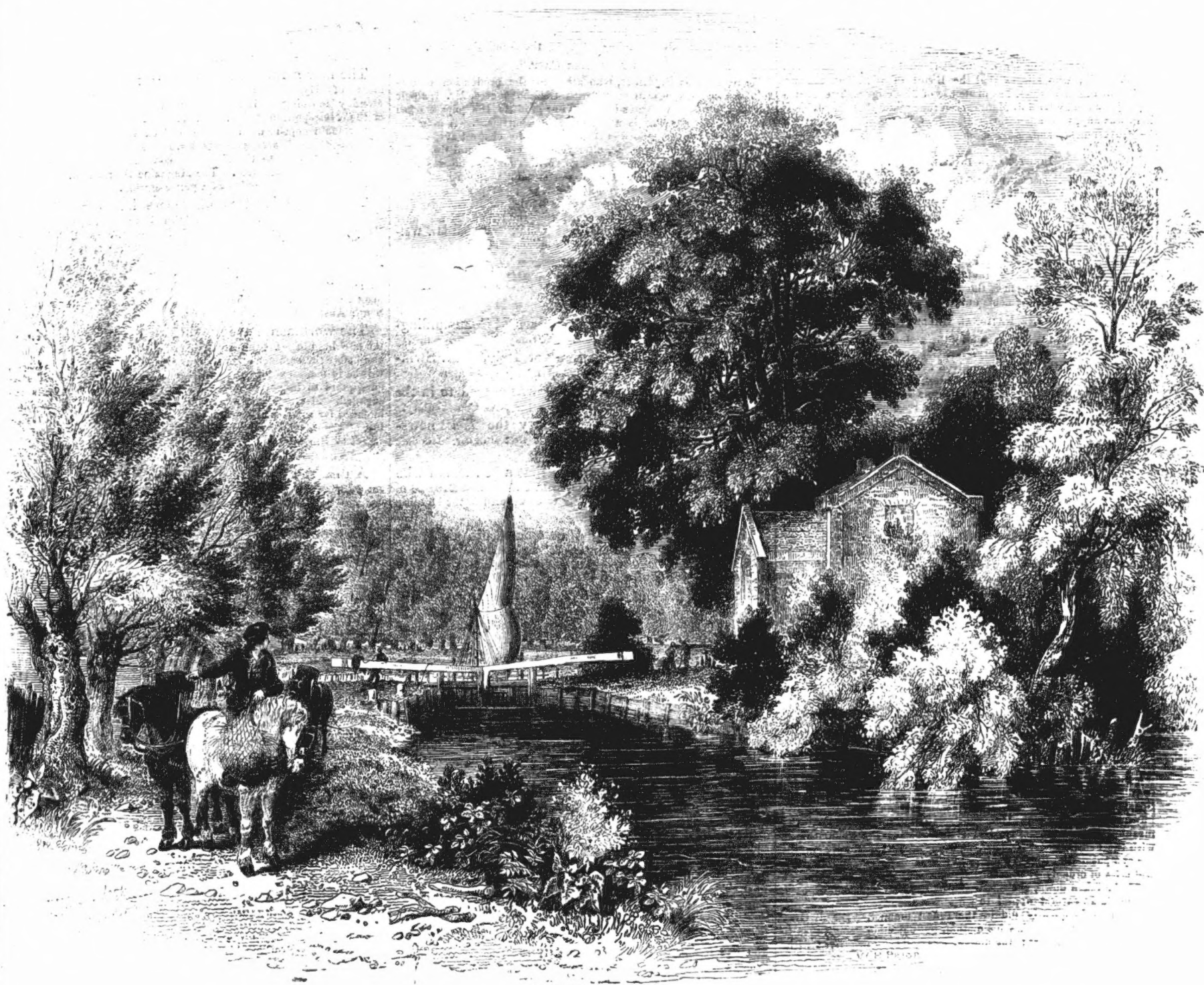
ONE PENNY.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.—ROMNEY LOCK, NEAR WINDSOR.

THE scenery around Windsor is remarkable for sylvan beauty, and the smoke-dried citizen of London, if he would enjoy a spring or summer ramble, should make his best way by rail to the neigh-

bourhood, where, after a visit to the famous Castle, and a ramble in the Park, time may be found to linger round the pretty rural retreat of Romney-lock, forming the subject of the illustration given below.

Plenty of early spring wild-flowers will now be found here on all sides, and the visitor could not fail in thoroughly enjoying the quietude of this lovely spot.



COUNTRY SKETCHES.—ROMNEY LOCK. NEAR WINDSOR.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

LABOURERS' DWELLINGS BILL.

ON Wednesday, the 27th ult., Mr. McCullagh Torrens, one of the members for Finsbury, in a very able speech moved the second reading of the above Bill. The Bill is to give power to the officer of health, either on requisition or without it, to inspect premises in a state likely to engender disease, and upon his report the local authority, after the process of a presentment to the grand jury has been gone through, may cause plans to be made for the improvement or demolition of the premises. The owner of the premises may either sell them to the local authority or carry out the works himself, and if he neglects or refuses to do either, the local authority may effect the improvements, charging the cost to the owner; but when total demolition is required, the local authority must compensate the owner. The expenses of the local authorities in carrying out the Act are to be charged on the local rates, which, however, are not to be increased by more than 3d. in the pound; and they are also empowered to borrow money from the Public Works Loan Commissioners under the sanction of the Treasury.

After a lengthened discussion, Mr. Walpole, on behalf of the Government, assented to the principle of the Bill, intimating that it would require amendment in some of its details, and it was read a second time.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES ACT.

ON Thursday, Lord Lyveden moved for a return of the proceedings taken under the above Act. His lordship observed that he expected the answer to his motion would be *nil*, but explained that his object was to show the inexpediency of continuing a measure, which was passed at a time when Protestant bigotry was at its height, and which only tended to promote irritation in the minds of the Roman Catholic subjects. Lord Derby consented to the return being granted, as every one knew the result would be *nil*, but declined to discuss the question of repealing the Act, in the absence of Earl Russell, who was its author.

THE CANADA RAILWAY LOAN.

Mr. Adderley, the Under Secretary for the Colonies, moved a resolution authorising the treasurer to guarantee (at 4 per cent.) a loan of £3,000,000, to be raised by the Government of Canada for the construction of a railway between Quebec and Halifax. After expressing his own personal antipathy to Colonial guarantees, and his hope that this would be the last required, the right hon. gentleman proceeded to argue the importance of a communication between Quebec and Halifax, both from a military and commercial point of view. After a good deal of discussion, in which Mr. Gladstone supported the guarantee, and which Mr. Lowe opposed, the motion was carried on division by 247 to 67.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Mr. Lowe moved to refer to a Select Committee a petition of Mr. Shields, C.E., who alleges that the Board of Works, in the embankment of the Thames, has made use of his designs. The motion was objected to by Lord J. Manners, on the ground that the claim, if there was any, was against the Board of Works, and not against the Government, and, after a short debate, was rejected by 49 to 29.

LIEUTENANTS IN THE NAVY.

The Duke of Somerset moved for a return of the number of lieutenants on the active list of the navy in each year from 1857, and also for a return showing the number of lieutenants employed during the same years. Sir John Pakington, the recent Ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, having been brought to book for appointing Lieutenant Yorke, the son of the Earl of Hardwicke, over the heads of a large number of competent officers, defended himself by stating that he had a number of precedents from his predecessor in office, the Duke of Somerset. Hence the motion for returns by the noble duke.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

In the Commons there was a long discussion upon the subject of re-building the National Gallery. Mr. Goldsmid severely criticised the vagueness of the instructions given by Mr. Cowper to the competing architects, and insists that a breach of faith has been committed. Mr. Cowper said that the blame laid at the door of the House of Commons, which had taken the responsibility out of the hands of the executive. After some severe conversation, Lord John Manners stated that as there was no particular hurry, he should consult with the trustees before he decided what course he should pursue as to the new gallery. Then followed

A REAL IRISH ROW.

Sir J. Gray, the member for the city of Kilkenny, the city renowned for the battle of the Kilkenny cats, rose to call attention to certain circumstances connected with the administration of justice in the county of Tyrone. For some time the discussion was confined entirely to Irish members. Eventually Sir H. Edwards, the member for Beverley rose, and said as a Yorkshire Orangeman of twenty years standing, he was proud of an opportunity of standing up in defence of that loyal society. He had little expected to hear such abuse lavished upon them, for they were men who would defend the Crown and the institutions of the country against all aggression—men who had hitherto been trusted by the Crown, and would, he hoped, continue to be so, as long as a Protestant sat upon the Throne. (Cheers.) He should not have intruded himself upon the notice of the House, had he not felt bound to defend his brethren, the Orangemen of England, from the abuse which had been poured upon them by hon. gentlemen opposite, not only below, but above the gangway. He hoped there would be an end of such trash (cheers and laughter), for the Orangemen had as much right to have their opinions represented in that House as the Fenians had. (Loud cries of "Oh, oh," "Hear, hear," and "Order.") Several members rose to call the hon. baronet to order, and the Speaker having intervened, Sir H. Edwards said he hoped he had sufficiently the feelings of a gentleman to withdraw any expression which the Speaker, representing the House, might think fit to withdraw; but he thought the right hon. gentleman had misunderstood the meaning of his words. He had simply meant the sympathisers with the Fenians. (Hear, hear, and oh, oh.) He simply meant the sympathisers with the Fenians in that House. (Oh, oh, laughter, and cries of order!) A member here moved that the hon. baronet's words be taken down, the Chancellor of the Exchequer interposed, and made an earnest appeal to withdraw the objectionable words, which he subsequently did in the fullest manner. Sir J. Gray then proposed to withdraw his motion, but objection being taken to this mode of procedure; the motion was put and negatived without a division.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF SOLDIERS.

ON Monday Lord Hardwicke presented a petition on the above subject, and called attention to the beneficial results that would

follow from the employment of soldiers in useful and remunerative occupations, when temporarily removed from their military duties. Lord Longford, the Under Secretary for War, and the Duke of Cambridge, fully admitted the desirability of the project, but at the present moment there were many difficulties to overcome.

THE REFORM BILL.

In the Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to Mr. Gladstone, who asked whether it was intended to make any alterations in the Reform Bill (by committing it *pro forma*) before going into Committee, stated that he should put on the paper a formal notice to omit the Dual Vote clause; but on all the other controverted points the Government was of opinion that the best solution of them would be found by the House in Committee; and he repeated that the Government would go into Committee most anxious, with the co-operation of the House, to bring the question to a speedy and satisfactory settlement. Lord Cranborne, adverting to a remark of Lord Stanley on a previous occasion, asked him to state now what were the points of the Bill by which the Government would stand or fall; to which Lord Stanley, provoking much cheering, mingled with laughter, replied that the point was one for argument and not for a categorical question, and that when the debates were resumed he would answer any observations Lord Cranborne had to make.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

In Committee on the Mutiny Bill, the subject of Flogging in the Army was again reviewed.

Sir J. Pakington brought up a second clause to be substituted for clause 22, in lieu of the new clause which was under discussion on Thursday night. This latest clause, following the suggestion of Sir G. Grey, retains the punishment of the lash in time of peace for the two offences of mutiny and aggravated insubordination, and discarding the classifications, makes it applicable to soldiers of the first and second classes alike. It was strongly opposed by Mr. Otway, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Horsman, and others, as a retreat from the original concession of the House of Commons, and was supported by Sir G. Grey, General Peel, Mr. Mowbray, and Colonel North. On a division the original clause was negatived by 175 to 162, and the new clause was added to the Bill.

Mr. Otway, the member for Chatham, who some days ago opposed the entire abolition of flogging in the army, on which occasion he obtained the majority of one in favour of his motion, gave notice that he should renew his opposition to the punishment in future years. The House then went into committee on the naval estimates, and, after some discussion, in which Mr. Stansfield, Mr. Graves, Mr. Seely, and Mr. Cowry, the new First Lord, took part, the following votes were agreed to:—

67,300 men and boys.
£1,900,962 wages and allowance.
£1,241,614 victualling and clothing.
£176,018 for salaries and expenses of the Admiralty office.

THE TOOMER CASE.

In reply to Sir R. Collier, who asked for the production of certain documents in connection with the above case, Mr. Walpole said that for divers reasons he could not produce the papers asked for. The Home Office is a mysterious department. A man like Wager, for instance, who was convicted on the clearest evidence of brutally murdering his wife, after years of cruel, brutal treatment is respited by the Home Secretary. Mr. Toomer, who was convicted on very dubious evidence of a criminal assault on his house-keeper, is quietly left to serve his fifteen years of penal servitude, for an offence of which two-thirds of the British public consider him entirely innocent. It is to be hoped that the case of Mr. Toomer will again be brought before the Home Office, and that Mr. Walpole may be found in one of his tearful moods.

LONDON GOSSIP.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief held a levée at one o'clock on Friday, the 5th April.

Under the title of "A Song of Italy," Mr. Swinburne is about to publish a new poem of nearly 800 lines.

On Friday a vote of £2,000 was agreed to in the House of Commons for special rewards to the Irish Constabulary.

On the first day of next January the *Times* newspaper will complete its eightieth year: its first number bears date January 1, 1788.

The *Birmingham Gazette* says that a gentleman who does not permit his name to be published, has placed £10,000 in the hands of the Bishop of Worcester to be devoted to the building of new churches in Birmingham.

Mr. E. M. Ward has just completed his picture of "Friar Laurence's Visit to Juliet's Cell," for the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy. Mr. Clarkson Stanfield will have but one picture this year, a sea-piece, entitled "Off Heligoland."

The collections at St. Stephen's, Westbourne Park, after sermons on Sunday, March 24th, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. Dr. Miller, on behalf the Curates' Augmentation Fund, amounted to £171 14s.

Tuesday, the 9th of April, has been fixed by the hanging committee as the last day on which paintings and sculptures can be received for exhibition at the Royal Academy, Trafalgar-square.

It may not be generally known that the pulpit and reading-desk in St. Pancras Church, in the Euston-road, are made out of the celebrated Fairlop oak which gave its name to Fairlop Fair in Epping Forest, and which was blown down about fifty years ago.

With the close of the present year expire all German copyrights whose term had been extended by special privilege. This will set free the writings of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Körner, Bürger, Jean Paul Richter, and others; and cheap reprints of many are already announced at Berlin.

Mr. J. Payne Collier is engaged in preparing for the press a reprint of "England's Parnassus," first issued in the year 1600. The work consists of more than 500 pages, and contains the contributions of not fewer than fifty poets of the reign of Elizabeth, besides many by anonymous authors.

The Esterhazy jewels were, by order of Mr. Boore, who had recently purchased them from the trustees of the late Prince Paul Esterhazy, disposed of on Friday, under the hammer of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, at their rooms, in King-street, St. James's-square. The total amount realised was £37,760.

Some experiments took place on Friday at Shoebury-ness with the Armstrong 600-pounder—"Big Will." The object was to test the working of the gun and its platform on a turn-table working to different embrasures. The charge of powder was 70 lb. At the 25th round a coil at the breech gave way, and, of course the experiment ceased. The intention was to have fired thirty rounds.

Mr. Milford Sutherland Kennedy, having been one of the first two in a competition of five candidates, to be clerk in the Pay Office; Mr. Walter John Frederic Tomlinson, to be clerk in the Patent Office; Mr. Thomas Back, to be writer in the Customs; Mr. James F. B. Galan, having been first in a competition of two candidates, to be clerk in the Customs at Workington.

We are requested to state that in and after the examination of candidates for Woolwich Academy in January, 1868, no candidate will be allowed to count any marks in the voluntary portion of the mathematical examination, unless he shall have obtained one-sixth of the maximum assigned to that branch of the subject.

The strike of the agricultural labourers of Gawcott, Bucks, continues. Their claims cannot be called extravagant. These workmen ask for 2s. a day, with an addition of 1s. when they are required to work on Sundays. That Englishmen should at this time be compelled, to secure the miserable pittance of 12s. a week, to strike work, should be classed among the anomalies of our civilisation.

A committee has been formed with a view to organise excursions to Paris, at reduced fares, for efficient volunteers who intend to take part in the Easter review at Dover. The excursions to leave London on Monday the 15th, and Tuesday the 16th of April; returning to Dover on Friday the 19th, and Saturday the 20th. Uniform will not be worn. Further particulars will be published in a few days.

Some correspondence has been published which has taken place between Lord Carnarvon and the Governor-General of Canada, and between Lord Stanley and the French government, in respect of the case of Lamirande, who, it will be remembered, was handed over to the French authorities in Canada. Lamirande, convicted and in prison, writes to desire the British government to cease all further intercession on his behalf; and Lord Stanley, in a letter dated the 20th March, says that he will no longer insist on his release.

So numerous have been the congregations of working men at Exeter Hall to hear the preaching of Mr. Henry Varley, that arrangements have been made to extend the Sunday services in that building over the month of April. In May and the summer months it is intended to hold a series of out-door services in Trafalgar-square, Guildhall-yard, the front of the Exchange, and in other open spaces in the metropolis, in which ministers of all denominations will take part.

The new arrangements with respect to the management of Hyde Park and the Green Park commenced on Monday morning. Henceforth they will be in the charge of the Metropolitan police. In Hyde Park the carriage gates will remain open until twelve o'clock each night instead of ten o'clock. Such arrangements have been made as will, it is believed, put a stop to the disorderly conduct which was permitted under the old management. The Magazine Barracks in the centre of the park will be occupied as a police-station.

The Emigration Commissioners have chartered the ship *White Star*, 2,339 tons, Mr. John Kerr, master, belonging to Messrs. Wilson, Cunningham, and Co., of Liverpool, to convey emigrants to Melbourne, at £13 4s. per statute adult. The *White Star* is appointed to receive her passengers at the Birkenhead Docks on the 23rd of May next. The commissioners received tenders on Thursday, the 4th of April, for a ship to sail with Government emigrants from either Plymouth or Liverpool to Adelaide, S.uth Australia.

The workmen have begun to excavate the site of the new buildings for the Royal Academy in Burlington-gardens, and before the summer of next year ends everything, it is thought, will be in readiness for the migration of the academy from Trafalgar-square to its new abode. No less than three architects are engaged. Messrs. Banks and Barry have charge of the buildings intended for the learned societies; Mr. Sydney Smirke is the architect of the Academy, and to him is due the improvement of the aspect of Burlington House by the addition of a storey to it. Mr. Pennefather is the architect for the London University.

A disease of a very alarming character has broken out among a herd of cattle belonging to Mr. John Mill, of Penpill Farm, near Callington, Cornwall. Within a few days fourteen bullocks have succumbed to the disease, and several others are in a critical state. One pig has also died from the same cause. Several veterinary surgeons have examined the diseased animals, but have been unable to decide upon the nature of the disease, which they are all of opinion is not rinderpest. Professor Symonds is engaged on an analysis and examination of the internal organs of some of the animals which have died. The outbreak has caused great uneasiness and alarm in East Cornwall.

Arrangements have been made with the City of Dublin Company for the embarkation of detachments of troops as follows:—Liverpool to Dublin—1st Dragoons, 7 officers, 115 men, and 100 horses, April 9th; 1st Dragoons, 6 officers, 111 men, and 100 horses, on the 10th; 1st Dragoons, 5 officers, 122 men, and 100 horses, on the 11th; 1st Dragoons, 13 officers, 192 men, and 128 horses, on the 16th. Dublin to Liverpool—4th Dragoon Guards, 6 officers, 100 men, and 106 horses, on the 10th; 4th Dragoons, 6 officers, 100 men, and 106 horses, on the 11th; 4th ditto, 6 officers, 100 men, and 106 horses, on the 12th; 4th Dragoons, 6 officers, 100 men, and 106 horses, on the 17th.

The working men's political leaders are giving up their demand for the ballot. A deputation, headed by Mr. George Potter, waited upon Mr. Gladstone a few days ago, when, in the course of the conference, the right hon. gentleman was asked "whether it would not be possible to introduce the ballot into the Reform Bill?" Mr. Gladstone in reply to this question asked another. It was "whether the deputation did not think that the growing intelligence and independence of the working classes made the ballot unnecessary?" The reporter adds that "several of the deputation agreed with Mr. Gladstone that there was no necessity for the ballot."

Mr. Peabody, who is once again coming to England, cannot leave his native country without taking care to put himself right with the innumerable cadgers who have thought that, being a generous man, he must necessarily be a fool. He has accordingly issued a manifesto, to which he requests the papers to give publicity, to all those who have written to him asking him

for loans of money numerous that even open to the applicant's desire day caused these in his presence responsibility."

On Saturday police-stations in by Sir Richard of States for the cease of pay was Superintendent per year; the of £300, and the of £400, and the of 100 inspectors the present the are receiving £1 sergeants are to constables are to second-class from

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for loans of money, &c., intimating that these applications were so numerous that "it was impossible for him to read or answer or even open to them in person." He further says that, as many of the applicants desired their requests to be kept secret, he has "this day caused these letters, amounting to nearly 4,000, to be burned in his presence, thus relieving their apprehensions and his responsibility."

On Saturday morning an order was read at all the police-stations in connection with the metropolitan police, signed by Sir Richard Mayne, and approved by Mr. Walpole, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, stating that the following increase of pay would be made to the metropolitan police:—Chief Superintendent Walker, an increase of £100 a year, making £425 per year; the other superintendents are to be raised £50, making £300, and the commissioners will select from the superintendents four to be raised another £25 per year, making £325 per year; 100 inspectors are to be raised £18 5s. per year increase, and for the present there is to be increase for the first-class sergeants, who are receiving £1 8s. per week. Two hundred of the second-class sergeants are to be raised from £1 6s. to £1 8s. The first-class constables are to be increased from £1 3s. to £1 5s., and the second-class from £1 2s. to £1 3s.

Everything augurs favourably for the great volunteer display on Easter Monday. Dover is actively preparing to give the volunteers a reception worthy of the occasion. The local committee organised for this purpose are giving attention to matters likely to promote the comfort of the volunteers as well as to impart success to the review. They have obtained leave to occupy most of the schoolrooms and other available buildings in the town, where arrangements will be made for supplying volunteers on their arrival with a substantial breakfast, the charge not to exceed 1s. 6d. per head, while the carriage proprietors have agreed upon a low tariff for the occasion, not exceeding that charged at Brighton. There is also a general acquiescence in the proposal for moderate charges for lodgings, &c. A committee has been formed in London with a view to organise excursions to Paris at reduced fares, for efficient volunteers who intend to take part in the Easter review at Dover. The excursions to leave London on Monday, the 15th, and Tuesday, the 16th of April, returning to Dover on Friday, the 19th, and Saturday, the 20th.

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

The rumour which was current five months since of the intention of the Empress Eugénie to visit Rome is revived.

An earthquake happened at Naples on Thursday night at midnight, but no details have yet come to hand.

A telegraphic despatch announces that a terrible fire has burnt down a whole quarter of Constantinople. The dockyards of the Golden Horn are entirely reduced to ashes. The loss is estimated at not less than half a million sterling.

An enthusiastic ovation was given to the Pope during his progress from the Vatican to the Church of Santa Maria Minore, on the festival of the Annunciation. The carriage in which his Holiness was riding was covered with flowers by the people.

A despatch by the cable informs us that a resolution has been introduced in the Senate declaring that justice demands either the trial of Mr. Jefferson Davis, or his release on his own recognisances.

The Emperor of Russia is expected to visit Paris during the Exhibition. The Prince of Wales will only be there for the distribution of prizes, and not for the opening of the building, in consequence of its backward state.

The Emperor Napoleon has commissioned several naval officers and hydrographers to proceed to various points of the globe, in order to determine a certain number of meridians which will serve to fix the geographical position of intermediate places.

The United States are to pay seven million dollars for Russian America. Intelligence received from Havana announces that Marshal Bazaine landed there on the 23rd March. Martial law has been proclaimed at Vera Cruz.

The committee of the Corps Legislatif on the Bill for making M. de Lamartine a peer of 400,000 francs, of which M. Emile Ollivier is reporter, has sent it back to the Council of State with an amendment, proposing, instead of a large sum paid down, to give M. Lamartine an annuity of 25,000 francs.

The French Court is about to have its official newsmen. If it is thought desirable that the records of the life of the Imperial family should be rendered as inanimate and insignificant as possible, we can confidently recommend our own Court Circular as a model.

Count Bismarck may be said to be carrying everything before him in the North German Parliament. It does not follow, however, that his own plans are adopted without modification. It follows rather that the great German statesman knows how and when to concede a point, thus effectually conciliating the support and conquering the confidence of the deputies.

A duel at fifteen paces was fought in the Campo Grande, in Lisbon, between Senhor José Julio, a deputy to Cortes, and Senhor Sá de Nogueira, nephew to the Marquis Sá, and aide-de-camp to the King, in which Senhor Julio was killed. An insult stated to have been offered by the deceased to the Marquis Sá Bandeira is alleged to have been the cause of the hostile encounter.

The great political pre-occupation at Paris is the German treaties, the publication of which, immediately following upon M. Thiers's great attack upon the foreign policy of the Empire, has been felt as a blow aimed by M. Bismarck. The French journals, the *Moniteur* alone being an exception, comment in strong and serious language upon this further development of German unity.

The present temper of the American House of Representatives may be inferred from two resolutions very recently adopted by that body. The first of these resolutions avows the popular solicitude regarding the Canadian Confederation; the second proclaims the sympathy of the American people with the people in Ireland and Canada in their struggle for nationality.

The great building in the Boulevard du Temple which is to contain the *Magasin Réunis*, is nearly finished, and will be open to the public very shortly. Every purchaser has a lottery ticket given him of a possible value, according to his outlay. For a hundred francs the public will get as much as they can get for a hundred francs anywhere else, and have a lottery ticket "given in."

M. Rénan, the celebrated author of the "Vie de Jésus," has written to M. Ponsard a letter congratulating him on the production of his drama of *Galilée*. Among the expressions used by M. Rénan are the following:—"You have written the true poem of modern science, and have given to the symbol of our philosophical faith an expression of marvellous force and beauty. Your drama is an event in the intellectual history of our times."

Verdi has just arrived at Genoa, where he will in future take up his winter residence: during the remainder of the year he will continue to occupy his house at Santa Agata, near Bussato. The municipality of Genoa, wishing to show the value it attaches to his presence, has decided that his name should be inscribed on the golden register of the city, and has at the same time conferred on him civic rights. A street is also to receive the name of the Via Verdi.

The Imperial Society of Antiquaries of France, at its last sitting, received official notice that the statues of Fontevault are not to be given up to England. Queen Victoria, it appears, has written to the Emperor to say that, in presence of the emotion caused among the French public and manifested in the organs of the press, she renounced accepting the present offered to her. Her Majesty only expressed a desire that these precious relics, actually buried in a dark recess of a low and damp chapel in the prison of Fontevault, should henceforward be preserved in a more suitable manner.

An incident took place yesterday at the Exhibition which is characteristic of the present state of public feeling. A statue of King William had arrived at the building, and the German workmen there, in order to show their loyalty and enthusiasm for their Sovereign, crowned it with laurel. This seems to have given umbrage to the French workmen, and it was reported that a *melee* had occurred. However, we now learn that no row took place, as the Prussian ambassador ordered the offending laurel to be removed, at the same time blaming the Germans for their "bad taste."

After the great success of the "Ideas of Mrs. Aubray," Dumas father wrote to Dumas son, and said,—"Sir, your writings are charming. I should like to write something conjointly with you. I refer to my published works, 'Monte Cristo,' 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' 'Vingt-ans-après,' &c., for my testimonials, and I am—Alexandre Dumas." To which the author of the "Dames" of pearls and flowers replied,—"Sir, if I had not read your works, the very high opinion which my father has of you would have forced me to accept your proposal.—I am, also, Alexandre Dumas."

About a month ago M. Duruy, the son of the Minister of Public Instruction, had a quarrel with a M. Donville, a well-known member of the sporting world, a lady of *demi-monde* celebrity being at the bottom of the affair. In consequence of what took place in that damsel's apartment, a duel was arranged and duly fought at Neuilly, M. Donville being slightly wounded. For this M. Duruy was prosecuted, and the case came on before the Police Correctional, when M. Duruy was fined 100fr., and three of the seconds 25fr.; the fourth second, Viscount Clary, got off scot free, by reason of his prerogative as Member of the Corps Legislatif.

In Friday's sitting of the legislative body, Count Walewski rose and addressed the House. "I wish (he said) to announce in person to the Chamber that I have determined to resign the post of President of this assembly. It is not without deep regret that I have come to this resolution, but I have done so in the preponderant interest of union and concord." He concluded by expressing his thanks to the Chamber for the kind co-operation in the discharge of his functions, which he declared he had met indiscriminately from all sides of the house. M. Glais Bizoin and M. Dumoulin then made speeches, in which they testified to the impartiality with which Count Walewski had performed his duties as President.

Prince John, brother of King George of Greece, is on the point of departure for Athens to assume the regency with which he has been legally invested. The young king will proceed direct to St. Petersburg to be married to Princess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine. This alliance, which is now definitively fixed after having been announced and contradicted, is destined to exercise an important influence on the condition of affairs in Greece, no less than on the Eastern question generally. King George, it is said, will visit his father, King Christian, at Copenhagen, who will not after his visit to England visit Paris, as was announced, but will return straight to his kingdom.

The Pope, who had desired, according to the terms of his late edict, to possess himself of the persons of as many brigands as he could, is said to be overwhelmed by an *embarras de richesses* in that particular. The brigands are giving themselves up in such numbers that the prisons overflow, and stowage-room is wanting for them. Whether they claim the reward for giving themselves up does not appear. In the perplexity of the occasion, the idea has occurred of sending them *en masse* out of the country, but no country seems willing to receive this sort of addition to its population. Suggestions have been made that they should be sent to the Paris Exhibition as interesting specimens of the produce of the Papal States.

We have authority to contradict the rumours current here concerning the serious constitutional character of the illness of the Prince Imperial of France. The little prince has been suffering for some time from an abscess, resulting from a bruise, which had been forming since the opening of the Legislative Session, when its effects upon his gait was first observed. M. Nélaton opened the abscess—the first time under chloroform—but it was allowed to close prematurely, and the young Prince had to undergo a second operation, this time without chloroform. M. Nélaton is criticised a little severely in the correspondence which has reached us—first, for not causing the abscess to heal from the bottom; and, secondly, for using chloroform in this case, when local anaesthesia by Richardson's process would have answered the purpose quite effectually.

The *New York Times* makes the following statement:—"A terrible case of hydrophobia is chronicled in the Detroit papers. A little daughter of Mr. Alfred Woodruff, of the town of Greenfield, Michigan, was bitten some time ago by a dog, but no symptoms of hydrophobia were at first shown. At length the poison, which, acting as a sub-cutaneous injection, permeated every tissue of the system, broke out in a severe form, causing the most intense suffering. A consultation was had by physicians, who decided that, as the sufferer could not possibly survive, every consideration of humanity demanded that her sufferings be ended by some means, in accordance with which, during a severe paroxysm, the child was smothered to death."

A great ceremony has just been celebrated in Siam which drew large numbers of visitors from all parts of the east,

namely, the burning of the body of the second king of that country who died about a year ago. Siam, unlike most eastern kingdoms that retain pure their native government, has prospered apace by its connection with the commerce of Europe, and is more wealthy now, probably, than ever it was under the reign of its ancient princes. This wealth was allowed to display itself on the occasion. Over 60,000 people were gathered round the scene of incineration, and amid the grotesque and gorgeous panoply proper to the occasion, the body of the second king, a prince who, self-taught, had become an English scholar and a man of parts, was reduced to dust—by a process somewhat more sharp, but not less sure, than that which awaits the whole of us.

The sale of the late Hippolyte Belange's pictures has just taken place at the Hôtel des Ventes, and attracted a great concourse of amateurs. The following are a few of the prices obtained:—"Cuirassiers tilting off before the Emperor with Austrian colours taken in battle," 4,030fr.; "The Evening of a Battle," the Emperor, accompanied by his grenadiers, passing through a number of wounded, 5,000fr.; "Episode of the retreat from Russia," a grenadier of the Guard supporting a vivandière carrying a young child, 6,000fr.; "Episode of the return from Elba," a large picture, representing the inhabitants of a valley in the Isère acclaiming the Emperor, 8,100fr.; "Combat in the streets of Magenta," 9,250fr.; "The Guard dies but does not surrender," the artist's last picture, and representing several grenadiers still defying the enemy by their haughty and determined demeanour, 10,950fr.; and "The Cuirassiers at Waterloo," passage of the sunken road, 12,250fr. The whole sale brought 69,425fr.

A despatch said to have been addressed by the Greek Government to its diplomatic agents abroad, has found its way into the public journals, the objects of which are, first, to refute the charge made by the Turkish Government that Greece has fostered the discontents which rage in neighbouring provinces, and, secondly, to appeal for the co-operation of the Western Powers in obtaining for the Christian subjects of the Sultan those measures of relief which they demand. The cabinet of Greece maintains that nothing but the speedy intervention of the great powers can save Turkey from the ruin with which it is threatened. This appeal is ostensibly put forth in the interests of peace. If the respective governments addressed are not at present prepared to compel Turkey to give satisfaction to the Eastern Christians, they are urged, at any rate, to demand a truce by giving to the Candian question "the only solution in conformity with the principles of our time."

The French Legislative Assembly has carried the Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt by a majority of 136 votes against 92. This result was sought to be defeated by referring the Bill to a Committee, but the motion was rejected by 122 votes against 110. The best speeches that had been made on the subject were those of the celebrated advocate, M. Marie, and the well-known politico-social writer, M. Jules Simon; but even these were surpassed by M. Rouher, who, in summing up the debate, not only showed himself capable of viewing the question from the highest point of view of philosophical jurisprudence, and of enlightened humanity, but exhibited a complete mastery of all the practical details connected with the subject. The example given by the French Chamber, after a most exhaustive discussion, practical and theoretical, of this important principle of legislation, is destined to act powerfully on other communities, and bring about, if not immediate imitation, a salutary change in the same direction.

A correspondent, writing from Athens to the *Independence Belge*, relates an incident which had caused a great deal of excitement in political circles, and is destined to cause some expenditure of diplomatic writing material, if nothing more. On the 15th of March last, two large Turkish vessels appeared at the entrance of the Piræus, one of which entered the harbour and steamed round it, passing out again by the lights without condescending to any of the prescribed usages on such an occasion, according to international law. As similar acts have taken place in other parts of the coast, and as it has been impossible to obtain any satisfactory explanation of the intentions of the Turkish Government in exercising, if not a blockade, a menacing observation of the Greek ports, it has been determined by the King and his Ministers to send an energetic diplomatic note to the Porte, protesting against such acts, and representing the danger of their leading to material acts of hostility on either side, or bringing about complications of existing relations, the responsibility for which must rest on those who had originally provoked them.

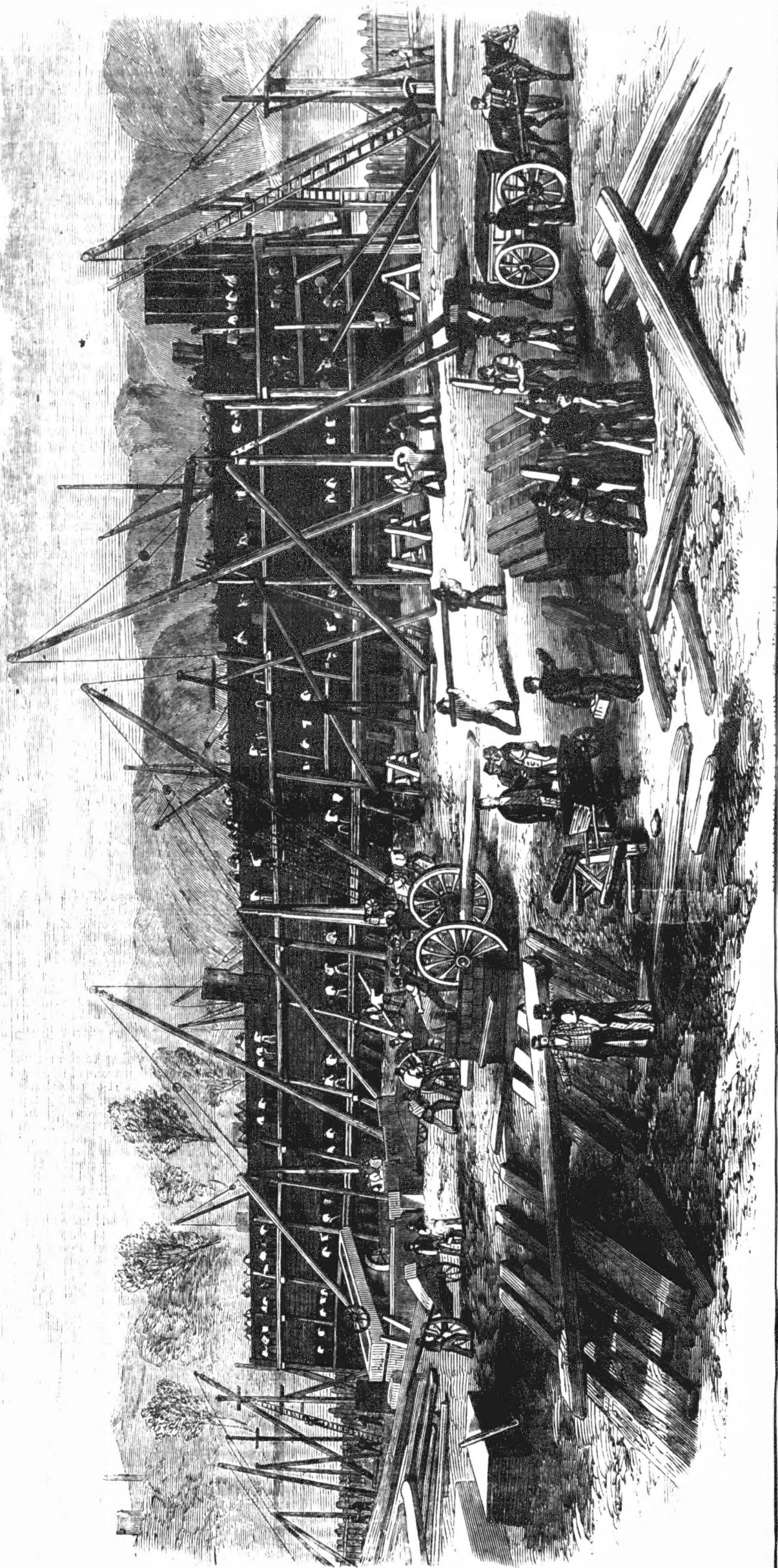
SHIPBUILDING AT GLASGOW.

THE large engraving on page 132 represents the busy scene going forward in a large shipyard at Glasgow when such a firm as Messrs. Napier and Son have to execute a Government contract in turning out some monster vessel or floating battery. No less than two thousand men have sometimes been engaged on the works at one time; and when we consider the ingenious and complicated steam-propelling machinery brought into play in lessening the cost of labour, one is led to wonder how many men would have been required, or the time it would have taken to turn out such gigantic vessels had steam machinery not been employed. As it is, everything that skill can devise, or capital command, is adopted at these works, and the amount of labour got through is really at times marvellous, and we can only recognise it in the rapidity with which these ocean bulwarks grow up under the skilful workmen's hands.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. 2, page 1851. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operating chemist, 260, East-street, Waltham. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farrington-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—ADVT.

THROAT DISEASES.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported and sold in this country by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera, London, pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable."—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVERTISEMENT.]





THE PARIS EXHIBITION—IVORY CARVINGS.

OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THOUGH the Great Exhibition was far from being in a complete state, the Emperor, for various reasons, inflexibly maintained the decision which he took as regards its opening, and on Monday afternoon his Majesty inaugurated by his presence the Grand Industrial Tournament of the Champ de Mars. The aspect of the whole building was most imposing, and one can easily understand the marvellous effect it will have a few weeks hence when quite perfect. The exterior galleries are adorned by the flags of all nations and banners bearing the names of all the principal cities of the earth, Paris and London naturally occupying the most conspicuous place.

The weather was magnificent. The sun, which for so many weeks had not bestowed a single gleam of its bright presence, had reserved its most brilliant rays to make the most of the grand event of the year. At half-past eleven a continuous string of splendid equipages and hundreds of cabs rolled onwards to the great World's Show. Thousands, nay, tens of thousands of pedestrians, appertaining to all classes and to all nations, testified the same marked anxiety to secure the best *point de vue* either inside or outside the building. The Trocadero, which but a few days ago reminded Crimean heroes of the trenches of Sebastopol, and which a few weeks ago was an immense hill, was as level as a billiard-table and occupied by one dense mass of people.

His Majesty and suite entered by the Pont d'Iena, passing beneath the green velvet awning which has suffered so severely from the torrential rain, and proceeded towards the sixth section, which naturally first claimed his attention. Although the exterior was adorned with velvet embroidered with gold, the interior was only ornamented by the standards, gilt escutcheons, and trophies of multi-coloured flags of every nation. At two o'clock precisely a great stir was observable throughout the Palace, announcing the arrival of their Majesties. Cries of "Vive l'Empereur," "Vive l'Impératrice," were distinctly heard, the bands of the Garde struck up "Partant pour la Syrie," and 150,000 mortals congregated to witness this splendid spectacle and celebrate the Festival of Peace, rose as one man, and cheered as Englishmen only can. The Emperor and Empress, followed by their own suite, by the Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, senators, and deputies, ascended the staircase leading to the French section. The Empress leant on the Emperor's arm. She wore a robe of white silk, embroidered with columns of coloured silk flowers; being veiled, however, by a deep black lace shawl. Her bonnet was of grenat, wreathed with gold-tinted oak leaves. His Majesty, who was in plain evening dress, and wore the broad red ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur, walked with difficulty, leaning heavily on a strong yellow stick, evidently suffering from rheumatism or gout. He, however, looked remarkably well, and seemed much astonished at the immense progress made since Saturday. Most of the ladies of the suite, in spite of the fineness of the day, were wrapped up in furs and velvets, and were, more or less, red-nosed and blue-lipped.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange followed his Majesty, leading the Princess Mathilde. His Royal Highness the Count of Flanders was among the notabilities; but Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde distinguished themselves by their absence. At the head of the staircase the Imperial party were received by the Imperial Commission. His Grace the Archbishop of Paris came scrambling on at full speed in violet robes, evidently late and much discontented at not having been in his right place in the procession, which he only joined on the staircase. The members of the Juries and the committees of each nation were drawn up in their respective sections, and received their Majesties as they passed by, all being in evening dress, white cravat, &c., each jury cheering heartily as they passed. The Emperor paid marked attention to the machines, those of the English and American departments being in full action, whilst there were but few in the French section in motion. As the Emperor passed through the English section he stopped opposite the drawings of the Channel Railway, exhibited by Mr. Chalmers, the inventor of the Coalbrookdale, and pointed them out to the Empress, at which the great crowd raised a genuine English cheer. Stephens' locomotive attracted his special notice; it was working beautifully, and the Emperor stopped some minutes to examine it. M. Grenin's locomotive Wallitz, so constructed as to ascend hills; some German railway carriages, which for luxury and comfort cannot be excelled; M. Krupp's (a Russian) Temple of Peace—all equally attracted his Majesty's attention. The Empress admired some marvellous specimens of Brussels lace, and one case, containing tapestry executed by the Princess de Bearcan, which rivals that executed by our Queen Mathilda, preserved to this day. The Prince Imperial was absent, yet the *Moniteur* announced that he would accompany their Majesties.

The correspondent of the *Star* writes:—As I was making my way out of the building I passed by the French jewellery stalls, where lots of Americans, English, Russians, and Prussians, were gazing at the splendid display of diamonds and precious stones. Could I have dived into the bosoms of the latter, I think I might probably have discovered something analogous to the feeling expressed by Blucher as he viewed London from the top of St. Paul's—"What a capital place to plunder!" Before returning to the *Star* office I crossed the park, avoiding the Egyptian portion, at present chiefly tenanted by panthers, lions, and most ferocious-looking tigers. Why the said beasts were not stuffed for the occasion I know not, their growls and roars being anything but agreeable. The garden is partitioned off in alleys, styled by the names of the countries represented within the Palace. We have the Allie d'Hollande, de Swede, de Hongrie, &c. Thus we may give rendezvous to our friends or enemies, as the case may be, in foreign countries, without asking leave of the police. This day week the park, as I told you, was a desert of mud, intermingled with stones; this day it is a carpet of shorn grass, studded over with flower-pots, gay with ranunculuses, primroses, and, not being remarkable for my knowledge of botany, I am compelled to leave the names of the rest of the flowers to your imagination; but I can answer for a

most brilliant colour, of which there was not a shade a few days ago. The English cottage and the Egyptian Temple d'Edon are curious contrasts. An avenue of sphinxes leads to the latter hieroglyphic-covered erection, which has been built by genuine Africans, who certainly have proved themselves adepts in the difficult art of open work in plaster of the most delicate execution, which somewhat recalls the tracery work of the Hall of the Abencerrages in the Alhambra. It appears that this art is traditional in certain families, its mysteries having passed from one generation to another. The men work on without any preconceived plan, and entirely guided by experience and artistic instinct. The whole temple takes to pieces, and after this season will be packed up for Tunis. I wandered past his Siamese Majesty's stables, and Gustava Vasa's house, till I found myself beneath an ocean, in which some fish are now disporting themselves *en attendant* their comrades, this being the aquarium—as yet somewhat in embryo.

Lord Belmore having recently stated in the House of Lords that "the cabmen of London were satisfied with a 6d. fare the first hiring," a meeting was held at the Waterloo Tap, Waterloo-road, for the purpose of protesting against that assertion, and also "to obtain an alteration of those clauses in the present Act which are obnoxious and oppressive to the trade in general." The chair was occupied by Mr. Wright, coach and cab builder, and there were present a large number of cabmen, who appeared to be fully cognisant of the claims they were called upon to urge on the Government. The chairman made a rather lengthy speech, in which he denounced the laws relating to cabs and cab proprietors as "one-sided, illiberal, and contemptible." He also warmly reflected on the grievances with which they had to contend regarding the systems of inspection and licensing, and other matters, which, he said, were not only objectionable, but both unjust and oppressive. Several addresses were subsequently delivered, in which it was stated that the 2,347 six-day cabs, plying in the metropolis, paid £86,761 17s. duty, and the 3,575 seven-day cabs £65,243 15s., while £5,724 was yearly paid for licences, and £2,100 for badges, besides which the cab traffic regulation in the streets cost the public something like £14,000 per annum. It was also urged that steps should be taken with a view to abolish the monopoly enjoyed by the railways in employing privileged cabs, it being an injustice to the trade, and tending to fill the thoroughfares with empty vehicles, thus impeding the street traffic. The want of proper means of redress in case passengers refused to pay their fares was strongly dwelt upon; and it was contended that, in case any person positively refused to pay the amount due, the cabman should have power to give him in charge to the police. After a long discussion, resolutions embodying these views were proposed and carried, and the meeting closed with the customary vote of thanks to the chairman.

A Cabinet Council was held on Saturday afternoon, at the official residence of the Earl of Derby, Downing-street.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	W.	ANNIVERSARIES	H. W. L. B.	
			A.M.	P.M.
7	S	5 Sunday in Lent	3 32	3 52
8	M	...	4 13	4 34
9	T	Fire Insurance due	4 54	5 17
10	W	Catholic Emancipation, 1829 ...	5 40	6 4
11	Th	Peace of Utrecht, 1713	6 29	7 1
12	F	Rodney's Victory, 1782	7 33	8 9
13	S	Gold discovered in Australia, 1851	8 52	9 34

Moon's changes.....First Quarter, 11th day, 3h. 9m. p.m.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the EDITOR, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.
* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE Emperor Napoleon opened the Paris Exhibition on Monday. He was accompanied by the Empress and the great dignitaries of State. There were no speeches—no words. The ruler of the French nation visited the International Bazaar with no show, and in all silence. At this instant his position is a delicate one. He has to conciliate his own people, and to appear just now as a kind of presiding angel of Peace; and, therefore, considering all things, it is better that he should have vouchsafed nothing. What are his thoughts? It is, at least, evident the realisations of the present are very different from those which he could have anticipated two years since, when France began to think seriously of the Exhibition of 1867. Clever as the Emperor is, he did not foresee the present. How could he? Prussia, in a few months, becoming a first-rate Power; Austria humbled; and France discomfited in a manner which is neither honourable to her rulers nor to her people. The French Exhibition was to gather together the nations of Europe, if not of the world, in a common brotherhood; and Napoleon III., the Emperor of the French, was to extend all kinds of courtesies to his brothers and cousins in the purple, and to bring about, it was supposed, a kind of alliance between all the States of the old world. From the time when our own great exhibition was established, up to the present instant, there never was a greater fallacy than to suppose that an International Exposition was to be the great panacea against all strife and all embitterments amongst nations. After the first English great Exhibition came the Crimean war; and after the French Exhibition of this year, we fear, will come a Continental war. A war, not by reason of this exhibition, but a war by reason of men's vanity, and the latent arrogance which still resides in the bosoms of nations. The Paris Exhibition was to create a great gala epicode in the annals of France, and Frenchmen were to be intent upon the interchange of those amenities for which they have ever been famous, and for those graceful demonstrations of felicitous rivalry, which give proof of their tact and ability. The French have one great peculiarity, they can enjoy the present; they can make the most of that which comes to them, and amidst all their diversions, they can immediately turn their faces to a great emergency, and then do their best. The French are a much more holiday people than ourselves, and though we are the exemplars, and have taken the lead in the establishment of international exhibitions, they understand the graces, arts and blandishments which belong, and are akin, to such affairs much better than we do. Nevertheless, France is said on the present occasion to have turned out that which very nearly approaches a failure. The Exhibition of French Industry has been unclosed too soon. At this instant, it is wanting in that completeness which, to be without, is to lack the great excellence and charm of such affairs. The spirit and soul of an exhibition of this sort depends upon the perfect fulfilment of the whole of its designs. It is to represent science and the utilities, it is also to be the exponent of art, and therefore it should be the exemplar of that very fitness for which it is itself established. We must wait, then, for the finishing touches. If we can afford to be patient, we shall get our reward. At this moment, there is a great show of all that is rare and radiant, and all that it wants are placement and proportion. The lessons that are to be taught are none the less worth learning. France may be ill at ease with Germany, and Bismarck may have outwitted the Emperor. In every scene of rejoicing and festivity the death's head is grimly staring at the world, and it would be indeed curious that men's vanities and ambitions should be annihilated, because a stupendous show was taking place in the capital of a country. Japanese and Chinese and quaint Easterns may grace these Temples of Peace, and we may mutually stare at each other out of the sheerness of novelty, wondering why there is not an eternal brotherhood; but yet, with all our pacific intentions, there may be something more than a mere rivalry to trade and manufacture and art. He who planned the present Exhibition was enabled to carry out the *Coup d'Etat*, and he who is the Apostle of Commerce has also been the General of great armies, and, heading mighty legions, has vanquished his enemies in battle. The victories of Solferino and Magenta are still in the public recollection; and he, out of an idea, whatever the policy of commerce may be, who has once wielded the sword, can do so again. The Emperor Napoleon is essentially a man of expediency; he would make events, and if he fails to master them, he will do that which in his estimation is next best, avail himself of them, and turn them to the best account. After all, his sympathies are with peace, but it would seem he is constrained to accept the position of a man of war. No man, in promoting the

ends of commerce and of peace, has done more than the Ruler of France, and at the same time no one has been compelled to conciliate to a greater extent the military instincts of a people. The very virtue of his patronymic is derived from its military fame, and the strength of his power was originally founded in the enthusiasm of a military people and of an army who recognised his name as one whose association has given a splendour and undying glory to its history. We calculate in vain if we suppose, because the traders of the world are now congregated in Paris, the warriors of Europe will sheathe the sword. Exhibitions tend to bring mankind together, and teach them many happy lessons of utility, and show that the arts of peace are more substantial and more abiding than those of war. The results of these lessons are not shown in immediate fruit, and a millennium of Peace and Good-will cannot instantly ensue. These exhibitions are seeds which have to be ripened in the future by a greater communion amongst nations, coming out of a larger enlightenment and a more comprehensive understanding between peoples. A time will come when the material interests at Paris will seek a ready sympathy at Vienna, and when the prosperity of St. Petersburg will find itself so interwoven with that of both, that the trade of any one will be seen and felt to be coincident with that of the other, and so, in the end, all the cities of the whole world. Such exhibitions as the present are hurrying on this epoch. Because the lion fails to lie down with the lamb, we must not be surprised. We believe that a time will ultimately come when that typical age may be approached. Though it is not in the present, we nevertheless believe in the peaceful fulfilments of the future, and though the brightness of the Paris Exposition is dimmed by sad expectancy, it nevertheless will help to gild the coming ages with an added lustre great and enduring.

On Saturday an inquest was held at the White Horse, Chadwell Heath, on Sarah Ann Bacon, a married woman, aged 24, whose husband had given himself up to the police on the charge of having murdered her. The police found the dead body of a woman lying on the right hand side of the Romford-road, near Mark's Gate, in a large pool of blood, and about 100 yards from the body a knife covered with blood. Further evidence went to show that the accused had been married to deceased about five years, and that she was the mother of two children, both girls, one aged three years, and the other thirteen months. Whilst her husband went to work at Chelmsford, she had run him into debt some £5, although his wages were only some 18s. or £1 per week. On the morning of the occurrence he came home and found his wife had gone to Ilford to deliver up the key and clear out the house. It then came out that their goods had all been taken for rent. The accused made an exclamation of deep indignation, and then sat down and cried, and said, "Oh! I have had enough to bear for this month past, and this is the last." He then went upstairs and changed his trousers, and on coming down he said to a woman who was minding his children, "Which way do you think Sarah will come?" and on her replying she did not know, he said he would go to Chadwell Heath, and he might meet her. He then kissed his children, and said "Good bye," and she did not see him after. It was further proved by a man named Edward Pepper, whom accused met, that he walked with him to the public house by Mark's Gate, and they went in and had a drink together, and while there he complained of his wife's conduct in getting him into debt, and said he would give any man 5s. who would cut his head off. While they were drinking Bacon saw deceased coming up the road, and he then said he wanted to have a word or two with her, and left, and the accused and deceased went away together. He returned in about a quarter of an hour and showed his hands and trousers smeared with blood, and said to Pepper, "Teddy, I give myself up; take me; I have killed my wife." Witness replied, "Nonsense!" And he said, "Look at the blood on my hands and my knee!" He then went to the police, Corroborative evidence was produced. Verdict—"Wilful murder against James Bacon," who was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant. From the evidence before the magistrates at Stratford, it appeared that the prisoner is a farm labourer, twenty-four years of age, and the son of very respectable parents. His wife was about the same age as himself, and, although so young, they had repeatedly lived apart from each other since their marriage. Having committed the crime, as stated before the coroner, he walked off, called at a public house, and told the people there that he "had done it," but they could not make him more explicit. He had a notion that they would have taken him into custody. As they did not do so, he walked into the nearest constable's house, and "gave himself up." When asked what for, he said, "For killing my wife." When asked if his wife was dead, he said "Oh, no." He indicated the place where he left her, and the policeman, having made his prisoner safe, went there. Arrived at the spot, he found that the woman had moved, and he traced her by means of blood lying in the road to a spot more than a hundred yards distant, where he found her lying quite dead, with a great deal of blood about her. There was a large wound in the left side of the neck. The knife which the prisoner had used was found at the place where the crime was committed. After hearing the evidence, the magistrate remanded the prisoner.

We understand that her Majesty has been graciously pleased, at the recommendation of the Earl of Derby, to raise the following gentlemen to the baronetage:—The Right Hon. J. Napier; Mr. Bagge, M.P. for West Norfolk; Mr. William Lawrence, Sergeant Surgeon to her Majesty; and Mr. B. L. Guinness, M.P. for the City of Dublin.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience, or expense by eating Dr. Barry's delicious health-restoring Invalid and Infants' Food, the Revelant Arabic, which yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (Indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver, and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of his Holiness the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest, it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation, it regulates the bowels, cures wind, colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1½d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles. Office, 205, High Holborn, London.—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

SOCIETY:

Its Facts and its Rumours.

The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, the 28th ult.

A guard of honour of the Coldstream Guards was mounted in the court of the Palace.

The *Eastern Counties Herald* gives, as a "whisper," that Sir Samuel Baker is likely to stand for Gloucester as a Tory at the next general election.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at the Palace from Marlborough House, attended by Lord Alfred Hervey, General Knollys, the Hon. C. L. Wood, and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel.

The Prince and Princess Christian, having formed their household establishment, will take formal possession of Frogmore Lodge to-morrow. But the Prince and Princess will remain at Windsor Castle until after the accouchement of the Princess, in April.

Her Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Princess Augustus, of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Amelie, of Saxe-Coburg, and his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck, entered the Throne-room soon after three o'clock.

The King of Denmark has been assiduously occupied in visiting the lions of the metropolis, and was present in the House of Commons during the debate on Monday night, in which his Majesty seemed to take a marked interest, and was evidently much amused by some of our Parliamentary customs and free-and-easy modes of expression of assent and dissent.

The King and Queen of Denmark have been visited by the Queen at Marlborough House twice during the week. His Danish Majesty accompanied his Royal son-in-law to the field of the Hon. Artillery Company on Saturday, and on Monday night he received an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the organisation and administration of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, with which, it was said, he expressed himself as being most favourably impressed.

We have the satisfaction to report that, although it cannot be said that much change has taken place in her Royal Highness's condition during the past week, she has yet shown a steady tendency towards recovery. The pain and swelling of the knee joint are slowly diminishing, while the general health is considerably improved. With only such occasional attacks of restlessness as are always liable to occur in a case of this kind, her nights have been for the most part very good, and this notwithstanding the constrained position which is necessarily still maintained, and, which is now, perhaps, as much required to prevent any accidental irritation retarding progress as for the treatment of the existing injury.

The dangerous condition of affairs in Spain is shown by the following letter, dated the 18th March, from Madrid:—"It is a significant circumstance that the press, in spite of the terrors with which it is threatened, does not hesitate to speak of the dethronement of the sovereign, and to hint that a revolution will quickly satisfy the desires of the country, if they are not at once met by a voluntary abdication. This is, in effect, the meaning of a very plain-spoken article which I have just read in the *Relampago*, a clandestine journal with a large circulation. The same journal vituperates the army in general, and calls the ministers lackeys of the Bourbons. It says that Spain is disgusted and tired by being governed by military adventurers, who are never satisfied until they are gorged with blood and gold. It is easy to conjecture how all this will end. The crisis is at hand, and is even announced as fixed for to-day, the eve of St. Joseph; but I have resided many years in Spain, and have remarked that the day any public demonstration is expected it never happens. Each day some new arrests occur, some new deposit of hidden arms is discovered; the prisons teem with captives, commerce is completely paralysed; every one, from the highest noble of the land to the simple artisan, suffers from the state of affairs; every one is dissatisfied, every one murmurs. The Queen affects to go out generally without an escort, but the promenades are full of policemen disguised in different manners, who are always on the *qui vive*. In certain circles it is whispered that O'Donnell is on the point of returning to Madrid. In one word, everything here is gloomy, and danger is imminent."

An important supplementary institution to the French Exhibition has been agreed upon. This is a hall for lectures, explaining and illustrating the most interesting modern discoveries and inventions as they may be exemplified in the exhibition itself. It will be built under the direction of the well-known architect, M. Allard, will accommodate 500 persons, and be ventilated by the most approved methods. The building will be held as substantially part and parcel of the Exhibition itself, and any object or appliance serving to ornament, furnish, or fit up the lecture-hall will be admitted to the general competition for prizes. The most eminent professors of science will be heard in this lecture theatre, and exhibitors desirous of delivering lectures to popularise the principles and practical importance of any novelty, will have an opportunity of doing so. Under proper regulations of a restrictive nature, tending to exclude puffery and charlatanism, this institution will be of great utility, and enhance such good results as are supposed to flow from these international exhibitions.

Many English travellers have visited Boston without discovering that Maine law is existing in that city; but in many parts of Massachusetts it is necessary to go and "wash one's hands" in a back parlour if one wishes to drink a glass of wine even in the principal hotels. A legislative committee is (or was lately) sitting in the State House to hear petitions in favour of a license law, and evidence has been brought forward to show that the prohibitory law is to all intents and purposes a dead letter, and that in spite of its drunkenness has been steadily increasing. An attorney and public prosecutor stated that in the course of his experience he had never been able to get a verdict; juries would not convict. They considered the law despotic and unreasonable, and assumed the right, it seems, of pronouncing a verdict against the law. When asked what was his opinion of the law, which it had been his duty to endeavour to enforce, he gave it very freely, making use of the word *hypocrisy*, and was loudly applauded by an audience, many of whom, as our correspondent informs us, had a strong perfume of Bourbon whisky.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ODD GOSSIP ABOUT STRANGE PLACES.

"A LEGAL BEAR-GARDEN."

AN unenviable notoriety has attached itself to our bankruptcy courts and laws. Basinghall-street may fairly be called the Gehenna of the great unpaid. Those who despise prudence, and give credit indiscriminately, afterwards, like a pack of wolves harassing the unfortunate debtor, run their prey to earth in Basinghall-street. They can pursue their quarry so far, and no farther. The monthly visits of the Registrar make a residence in Whitecross-street of short duration; Bankruptcy Commissioners are considerate, and even lenient; laws appear to be made more for the convenience of the debtor than the creditor, and so a rogue often has the advantage of an honest man. There are commissioners and commissioners; that is to say, some are mild and dove-like, others fierce and unrelenting. Let us stroll into the court of Mr. Commissioner Letemgo—a very different personage to Mr. Commissioner Wakemup. It is mid-day. The court is a spacious room, which, in spite of its ventilation, is full of evil-smelling vapours and poisonous exhalations, from the ragged, out-at-elbows spectators who crowd the entrances to the extremities of the court. Mr. Commissioner sits at the end of the room with his familiars about him, conspicuous amongst whom is the usher, who, in a preternatural voice, exclaims at intervals "Silence!" but as nobody ever thinks of taking any notice of him, he might just as well hold his tongue, and save himself the trouble. There are three barristers in court, two are seated in the compartment set apart for members of the bar, and are busily engaged in turning over the leaves of briefs, and making hasty notes. The other, the dirt upon whose wig is not conspicuous by its absence, wanders about from court to court like a restless spirit, or legal ghoul, hungering for briefs which do not come. He is an elderly man, with a forensic cast of countenance. His whole life has been devoted to the study of the law, and what is the return which his fickle mistress makes him? It is easy to see that briefs are few and far between, and that his merit is neglected by short-sighted attorneys. The legal ghoul smiles blandly on the solicitors who go in and out of the court, and looks at the notice papers posted on the walls; he knows them by heart already, but he wants to make people believe that he has a case, and is merely looking to see when it will come on. By this affectation of business he has obtained more than one brief, and, at his age, he has learned to be crafty. The majesty of the law, in its awful integrity, is not well represented by our learned commissioner, he gives one the idea of an elderly female, in her nocturnal headgear, about to try the novel experiment of administering justice. He keeps his eyes fixed upon his papers, never speaks unless obliged to, and appears utterly oblivious of what is going on before him. Solicitors come and go, and chatter pointlessly, and glare dreadfully at one another, and, at last, the great case of the day is called on, the usher prays silence, and, having obtained a semblance of it, exclaims "In the matter of Sir Swindlem Sweep, Bart. Sir Swindlem steps lightly into the witness-box, carefully removes his gloves as he takes the testament from the hands of the usher, listens to the stereotyped form of oath, and at the words, "So help you God," kissing the greasy book with considerable gusto. Now are the legal batteries opened upon him. Now are the Armstrong guns deliberately pointed and sighted, and the verbal bombs placed in the barrels. Now begins the baiting—the bear-debtor is tied to a stake, and the creditor-dogs bare their gums, throw back their ears, show their gleaming fangs, and yelp "have at him." Sir Swindlem is a man whose face declares him to belong to the hawk-family. He is a bird of prey, not carnivorous only, but omnivorous. He has been bold enough to attack the large Jewellers of Bond-street, and yet, so comprehensive is his grasp, that small tradesmen in the country have been favoured with his profitable custom.

Mr. Badger, the well-known bankruptcy barrister, retained by an eminent solicitor, in the interest of a creditor, rises to put a few questions to the bankrupt. He asks him, if, when he succeeded to the baronetcy, he had any money left him with the title. The answer is in the negative.

"Oh!" exclaims Mr. Badger, "you had no money with the title; how then did you live?"

Bankrupt—"By writing, painting, and my own exertions, generally."

"Your own exertions, generally!" Mr. Badger is guilty of an incredulous stare. "That is a vague phrase. I may almost call it a grotesque figure of speech. You are an artist, I presume?"

Bankrupt—"I am."

"An author?"

"Well, I do not wish to over-value my poor exertions in that direction. Call me a scribbler—that is to say, the author of occasional pieces."

"Of a fugitive nature?" says Mr. Badger. "How many houses have you lived in since your last bankruptcy?"

"For the space of twelve months, that will be," the bankrupt replies. "Well, I should say twenty."

"I suppose it was during your removals that your 'fugitive pieces' were written? What value do you put upon your pictures?"

"That is a question for the dealers. But if I may be permitted to be a judge of my own works, I should say that the two pictures now in the hands of my assignees, and which I generously gave up for the benefit of my creditors, are worth £50 a-piece."

"What subjects do they represent?"

"Titania caressing Bottom, the weaver, though disfigured by the ass's head."

"A disfigurement of which your creditors will never accuse you, Sir Swindlem," cries Mr. Badger, playfully.

The court roared again at this sally, and the usher became hoarse in his efforts in the cause of silence.

"Or you, Mr. Badger," retorted the bankrupt.

There would have been another laugh had not the learned counsel nipped it in the bud by exclaiming, in a voice of thunder—

"Now, sir, attend! What was the other subject? Answer carefully. You are on your oath."

"Shooting the moon."

"Pray what may that delectable pastime consist in?"

"A gentleman of your great practice and vast erudition ought to know that it means a midnight removal," the bankrupt answers, hesitatingly.

"In other words, Sir Swindlem," exclaims Mr. Badger, sternly, "you mean to say that you have represented on canvas a deliberate attempt to defraud—mark the word!—to defraud your long-suffering landlord and your ill-used creditors, by removing in the dead of night those articles of furniture which, by specious representations, you obtained on credit from your dupes, and then, to add the climax to your iniquity, to keep the deplorable event green in their wounded memories, you give the picture up to your assignees. Whenever they are asked to look at the painting, they may exclaim

with the Mantuan bard—'Infandum! regina Jubes renovare dolorem.'"

"Allow me to remind you, Mr. Badger," says the attorney employed by the bankrupt, "that assets are assets, whatever their nature."

Mr. Badger waves his hand, and addressing himself to the bankrupt, continues—"What were your literary efforts?"

"I wrote a volume of poems."

"Poems! In what direction did your muse wander?"

"I called my book 'Highest Aspirations.'"

"And yet you are here. Am I to understand that this moment realises your highest aspirations? Do you wish to convey to the court that you are content, now that you have reached your *ultima Thule* of indebtedness? Is it to go forth to the world, through the invaluable medium of the press, that Sir Swindlem Sweep is satisfied now that he has so exhausted the well of credit that it will not yield one drop more?"

"If I may be permitted," says the bankrupt's attorney, jumping up, "I wish to say that Mr. Badger, in the gush of his eloquence, has forgotten one very apt simile—he should have left well alone, and said that the clock of credit had been worked at such high pressure, that, for the time being, it refused to tick."

Scowling upon the jocose attorney, Mr. Badger replies—"This levity cannot be permitted in a court of justice. I appeal to you, sir."

"Go on with the case," rejoins Mr. Commissioner, tartly.

"I bow to the court," Mr. Badger replies, and continues, "What other books have you written?"

"A small shilling volume entitled 'Not such a Fool as he looks,' an essay on buying and selling, headed 'Caveat Vendor,' a pamphlet named 'Hicks's Hotel, by a victim to the pernicious system of Lodging Detainers,' another 'On the Judicious Change of Names,' a third called 'Nothing a year, and how to Live on it,' a fourth called 'Other people's Money, an episode in a Welch Hotel,' a fifth entitled 'Guns, and what to do with them,' this last was speedily followed by 'Billiards carefully considered as a source of income.'"

"Is that all?"

"I believe so."

"Did you not write, 'My City Friends, a Valedictory Address,' and was not the pamphlet of a most scurrilous nature?"

"Possibly."

"Very well. Now, we come to another field, Sir Swindlem, in which you have exercised your undoubted talent. You were, I am instructed, a promoter of companies."

"I never promoted a company."

"You were a director of several then. We shall get at the truth presently."

"I was," returned the bankrupt laconically.

"Did you qualify?"

"In some cases, I did."

"State the names of the companies the boards of which you graced with your presence."

"In the first place there was 'The London and Provincial Furnished Apartments Company,' I was on the board of that."

"And very convenient you found it, I have no doubt."

"Then there was 'The London General Trade Destruction Society,' of which I was chairman."

"Now, Sir Swindlem," Mr. Badger says solemnly; "on your oath, were you not promoter, chairman, secretary, and accountant, all in one; on your oath, mind."

"I might have been."

"Might have been! That will not do. I ask you on your oath. I will have an answer."

"I was," the bankrupt replies, sullenly. Bankrupt's attorney rises: "One moment, Sir Swindlem; that company is not now in existence, I believe."

"It is not."

"I thought so; you received a handsome amount from the various trades, to induce you to abandon the idea, did you not; and consequently no one suffered?"

The bankrupt intimates that it was so, and the examination proceeds. "The next company with which I had anything to do," continues Sir Swindlem, "was the 'Character Redemption,' an organization for the payment of debts of honour. This was in reality a charitable association, and as the voluntary contributions by which it was to be supported did not flow in freely, the unlimited nature of our operations compelled us to wind up in a hurry."

"After that your were connected with the 'Matrimonial Agency of Great Britain.'"

"I was the secretary. During my connection with the agency we married five hundred widows and three hundred and fifty young ladies and others, but they became so dissatisfied with the change in their mode of life, that, looking upon us as the authors of their misery, they came down to the office in a body one day, and attacked it, we narrowly escaping with our lives."

"You then had recourse to that *pis aller* of desperate adventurers—you got up a club?"

Here the bankrupt was observed to blush deeply, as if he felt the accusation acutely, and was ashamed of the degraded position in which he found himself. This was the more remarkable, as it was the only manifestation of feeling noticeable on the part of the bankrupt throughout his examination.

"It was called 'The Fast and Loose Club,'" replied the bankrupt. "It died decorously—let it rest in peace."

The bankrupt's schedule was next examined, and several items in it overhauled. Several guns could not be traced, and Sir Swindlem, with a burst of candour, admitted at last that he had raised money upon them, which Mr. Badger interpreted as an elegant way of saying he had pawned them.

The cash account was lamentably deficient, and at last the commissioner adjourned the meeting, and ordered a fresh cash-account to be filed and produced within six weeks.

As Sir Swindlem Sweep was leaving the box, a boy placed a telegram in his hand. It was from Paris, and dated the 29th of March.

It ran as follows:—

"In the Legislative Assembly, the first article of the bill for the abolition of imprisonment for debt was passed to-day by 136 to 92 votes. This article in effect abolishes such imprisonment."

"Bravo!" cried the bankrupt, rapturously.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" queried Mr. Commissioner.

The telegram was handed to him. He read it with silent stupefaction. It was given to the various officers of the court, who were equally filled with consternation. Two bailiffs were observed to swoon.

"This," exclaimed the commissioner, eagerly, holding up the obnoxious telegram, "is but the forerunner of a similar measure in this country." His voice sank to a whisper as he added, "If the rage for reform in bankruptcy goes on with such gigantic strides, a wise and benignant legislature will abolish me soon. Heaven forbid!"

We have but to add that the bankrupt left the court with his friends, went to the Albion, in Aldersgate-street, and dined on—the proceeds of a gun."

"Really," says Sir Swindlem Sweep, as he raises a glass of sparkling burgundy to his lips, "this is a great country, and we will drink the health of my worthy friend, Mr. Commissioner Letemgo, with musical honours."

"For he's a jolly," &c., &c.

"Another bottle of wine, waiter, and mind it's well iced. It is absolutely necessary that I should have something to restore my equanimity after the dust and dirt of that d—d court, where much that was unclean got between the wind and my nobility."

OUR OPERA GLASS.

No new piece of any interest has appeared during the past week. At the Lyceum, *The Duke's Motto* was revived on Monday last with all the advantages of new scenery, by Mr. T. Grieve, and new dresses and decorations. Amongst the scenic effects which now, as on the first production, attract special attention, are the mountain gorge, in which the gipsies are encountered, and the palace gardens, with all their beautiful effects of light. The skilful arrangement of melodramatic action, and the picturesque beauty of the groups by which the interesting story is presented to the eye, lose none of their effect on repetition, and the excitement aroused by the numerous striking situations in the piece up to its intense climax is as great as ever. Mr. Fechter, with his tenderness, his gallant bearing, and his rapid changes of personation, keeps up the interest to the last scene, and the acting generally is as good as it was with the original cast, from which, by-the-bye, there are no great changes. The principal substitutions are Miss Henrade for Kate Terry, and Mr. Emery for Mr. Brougham.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—*Never Too Late to Mend* was re-produced here on Monday, with all its striking scenic and dramatic effects, including, of course, the realistic farmyard view with which it opens—the elaborately-constructed prison scene so closely copied, it is said, from the gaol at Reading that it almost amounts to a model—and the grand Australian landscape, which its capitally-managed changes from night to day. Some of the incidents which, from their painful character, excited the loudest expressions of disapproval were at once, it will be recollected, modified; and though the alterations were slight, so far from the opposition proving continuous, the drama had a long and successful career. There is so much that is really powerful and interesting in the story, and in separate scenes so much skilful construction, that *Never Too Late to Mend* bears revival extremely well. Some changes occur in the cast, but Mr. Vining remains the personator of Robinson and Mr. Calhaem of the Australian aboriginal, the two characters of greatest importance in the action of the drama—at all events, those which contribute most to the amusement of the audience.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

The Promenade Concerts in St. Martin's Hall closed on Saturday night. A theatre, capable of holding 2,000 persons, is about to be erected on the site.

According to a Paris correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, Victor Hugo's dramatic works are about to be restored to the French stage. The necessary permission from the Government and from the author has been obtained.

English music is creeping into Paris at last, under the auspices of M. Pasdeloup. Two of Wallace's overtures have been played at his concerts; and the other evening, we observe, was given "Bon soir," an unaccompanied chorus by Bishop—a version of his "Sleep, gentle lady."

The opéra bouffé by Mr. Alfred Thompson, late of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, is in three acts. The first performance will take place at Lady Collier's, 104, Eaton-place, in the first week in May. The parts will be taken by Colonel de Bathe, Messrs. Twiss, Arthur Blunt, Mr. Alfred Thompson, and Mrs. Weldon.

The annual performance of *The Messiah*, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, at the St. James's Hall, conducted, as usual, by Professor Bennett, is fixed for May 3. Mr. Beresford Hope will take the chair at the anniversary dinner, which comes off at the Freemasons' Hall next Saturday, April 6.

The programme of the Birmingham Festival is nearly arranged, and will probably include the following principal works:—Mr. Benedict's *Legend of St. Cecilia*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, *The Messiah*, of course; Dr. Bennett's new work (which, we learn, is sacred), Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Signor Rossini's *Mass*, *Alexander's Feast*, and Mr. J. F. Barnett's Cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*.

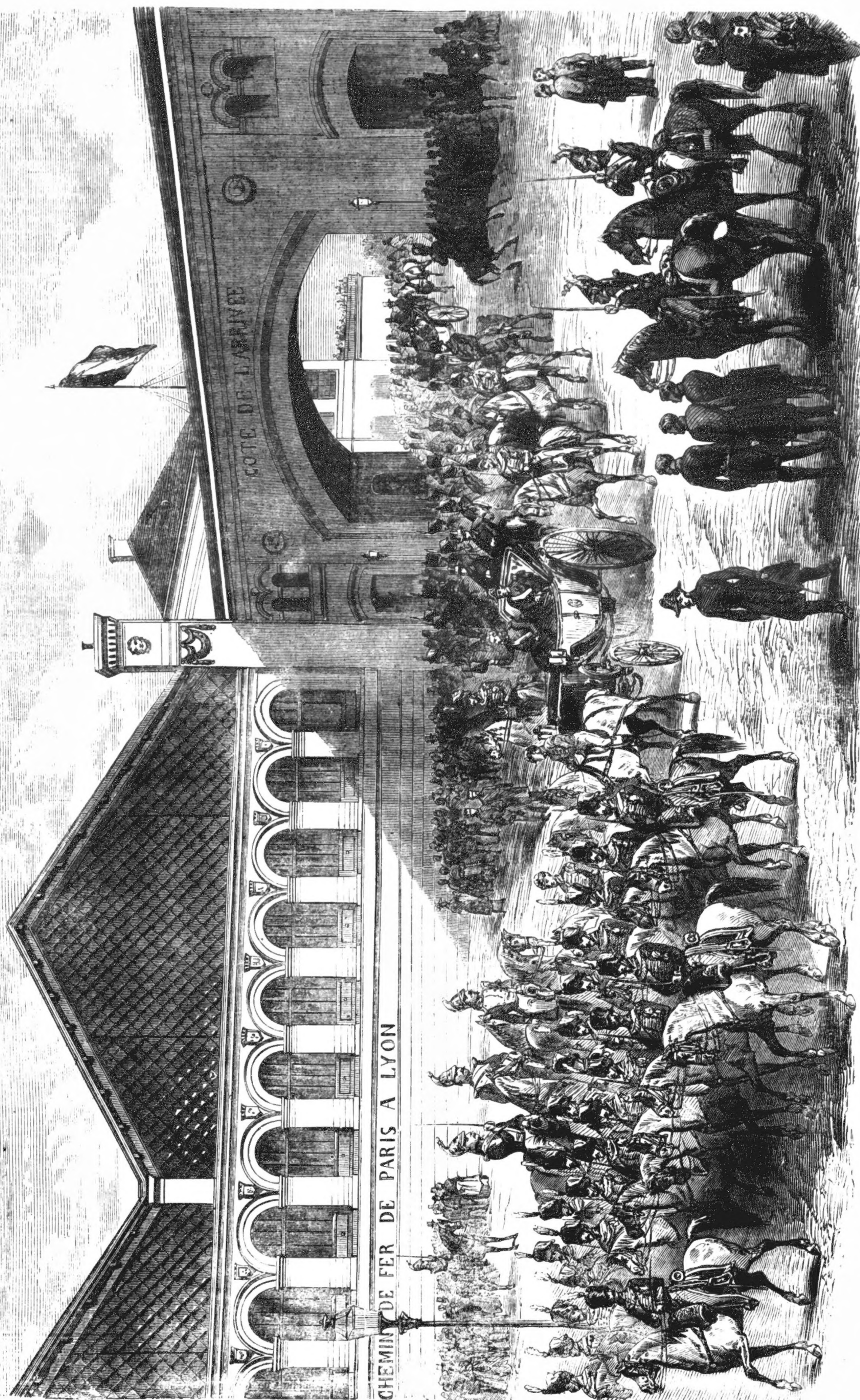
We regret to hear that the body of Mr. Martin Cawood, the secretary of the recently defunct English Opera Company (Limited) has been found in the river Aire, at Leeds. Mr. Cawood was an inhabitant of Leeds, and had revisited that town in connection with an opera company, to which at the time of his death he was acting as agent. He was a man of cultivated manners, of great musical knowledge and high literary tastes, and had made many friends among our leading musicians and men of letters. His loss will be deeply regretted. He had been missing several days. His disappearance had caused much uneasiness. The manner and cause of his death have not yet been ascertained.

There was an extremely crowded audience in Exeter Hall at the last admirable performance of *Israel in Egypt* of the National Choral Society. Every part of the oratorio was given with care and precision, and at the conclusion Mr. Martin, who conducted with singular success, received quite an ovation in the shape of hearty applause. Mr. Kerr Gedge, another young tenor brought forward by Mr. Martin, promises very soon to distance Mr. Leigh Wilson. Mr. Benedict's cantata, *The Legend of St. Cecilia*, was given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of the composer, on Friday, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was also executed, conducted by Costa. The singers mentioned were Mmes. Lemmens-Sherrington and Saint-m-Doby, Sims Reeves, Cummings, and Weiss.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal, fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent, carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR, BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1849.

* Vide schedule. W. Jones, gunsmith, one gun, £75. †

† Compare cash account, as amended. Received, £20, as loan on gun, from Lombard, pawnbroker.



THE PARIS-INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—ESCORT FROM THE PARIS AND LYONS RAILWAY STATION.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—RECEPTION OF VISITORS AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Second.
A WHITE HAND AT WORK.

CHAPTER V.—SECRETS IN SOHO.

ALL who knew my Lady Barebones were agreed upon one point my lady was not one to be trifled with. A very fragile old lady—an attenuated, withered, and high-dried member of the female aristocracy—she was, physically speaking, a mere rag of a woman in the matter of strength, limp, purposeless, and absurdly easy of doubling up; but morally she was adamant.

I do not mean, when I say morally, that she was extremely straight-laced or fastidious upon the subject of the proprieties. Our great-grandmothers—or our grandmothers, even—could crack jokes before company which now-a-days would overwhelm all well-regu-

lated persons with shame and confusion; and yet the world went round much as it does at the present moment, and earthquakes were, as now, of rare occurrence. The old lady of quality was not what the over-particular would have called a good old lady. She never went to church, and was disparaging with respect to sermons. She had nice points of conscience, however. She would not play cards on Sunday, but thought there was not so much harm in backgammon. Although, as I have already told you, those famous bone fish-counters her ladyship and her companions played for represented no monetary value, it was the old woman's great delight to win them by dishonest means, and for this purpose she made secret marks upon the cards' backs with her thumb-nail, and in a crafty manner "bridged" the king, so that she might have a good turn up when her deal came round.

In like fashion, she was herself one of the wickedest of wicked old story-tellers, but over and over again she had been heard to say that she could forgive anything but deceit, and that she could never look over, and would punish it to the utmost that lay in her power, however much she might before have loved the person practising it. This sentiment had often enough been given utterance to before Miss Jane, and we may readily suppose what were her feelings when she stood in the passage upon the night my lady brought Ruth home, and wondered whether or no her lies had been found out. After all, though, the young lady was not so terrified upon this account as by the idea that her recent masquerading feat upstairs would be discovered. The latter were so recent; the other had

happened so long ago. She could say she had said so-and-so, or that she had not understood what Mrs. Drake had told her. She hardly remembered herself what were the exact words which had passed between them. Mrs. Drake would not remember either. All that could be easily enough managed. But how about the torn amber satin gown and the broken candelebra, and the rest of the things turned topsy-turvy? There was surely no way in the world of getting out of that scrape satisfactorily.

You see, at this period Jane was a mere child—not sixteen years old. In some things she was as cunning as you could have wished, as cunning as a monkey, but there was about her a want of consistency—a want of sustained artfulness, if you will—which must, to some extent, lower her in the eyes of professed novel-readers, whose wicked heroines work out their evil ends without once faltering, plot murder, and murder smiling, ever graceful in the most violent exercise, and with the heavy folds of their rich robes always arranged in a correct and orderly fashion, let the death struggles of their victims be ever so desperate. Our young friend, as she grew older, might improve in these respects. As yet she was a shallow schemer, capable perhaps of some ugly tricks, but hardly equal to a struggle with the lynx eye of the law. In her fright, then, she had no defence to make, could think of none, and offered none, and her very helplessness probably helped her more than would any amount of artful contrivance.

As she went towards Ruth, the latter gave her her hand with a faint smile, and Jane, walking by her side, silently assisted the ser-

want to help the invalid upstairs to the drawing-room and then returned for the old lady.

"Charity will do. Charity will do," Lady Lad said, putting back the hand stretched out to her with a slight frown. "Go upstairs and stay with my grand-daughter until I can speak to you. Go, and leave me."

The girl shrank away, and retired without a word. Instead, however, of doing as she was told, as soon as she was out of sight she ran with all speed to my lady's room, and having lit one of the candles she had left there, did as much straightening to the disordered toilet-table and upset furniture as she could manage in two or three minutes, when a footstep on the stairs warned her that some one was coming, and she must not be caught upon the scene of her misdeeds.

Taking with her some fragments of the the broken candelabra, she ran with them to her bed-room, and concealed them, with the amber satin gown, and the rest of the finery she had been using, under the bed. When she had done this she heard the old lady calling to her, and hurried down stairs.

"What makes you run away, Jane? I want you. What are you doing up there?"

"Nothing, madam."

It was fortunate that her ladyship had other things to think of at the moment, being anxious respecting the invalid's comfortable disposal for the night, or else she could hardly have failed to notice the girl's confusion. As it was, she seemed to notice nothing, and, though Jane took several opportunities of peering wistfully into her face, she only saw there a dark cloud resting always, but could not fathom the cause of her displeasure.

"I can't say anything till she asks me," Jane thought. "When will she ask me, I wonder."

Although Lady Lad was cold and distant in her conduct towards the younger girl, she treated Ruth, from the moment she came into the house, with great kindness and consideration. After taking brief counsel upon the subject with Charity Stone, her ladyship determined that the invalid should have the use of her bed-room, and that she herself should occupy a bed in another apartment, the bedding for which was straightway to be aired at the kitchen fire.

To this arrangement the servant objected very strongly, upon the ground that my lady would be sure to take cold, and make herself ill by the change, and called upon Jane to support her in her argument; but that young lady was rather anxious that there might be a change, so that she could have a further opportunity of putting the things that she had disturbed back into their places, and at last a circumstance occurred which settled the matter at once in the way her ladyship desired.

This was a fainting fit, upon the part of the sick woman, of such long duration that Lady Lad, in a great fright, told Charity to run at once for the doctor. As the doctor was coming, there was only one bed-room into which her ladyship would have allowed him to be admitted, namely, her own apartment, about which there was a sort of dingy grandeur befitting the sleeping-place of a lady of quality, and it was, indeed, the only room that was wholly carpeted.

When the doctor came—he was a doctor who, two or three times a week, had been in the habit of looking in to prescribe for her ladyship's complaints—a rather numerous and varied assortment of painful maladies—he pronounced Ruth to be in a dangerous state, and said that she must be most carefully watched and tended throughout the next forty-eight hours, when there would be a change of a decided character, either for the better or worse.

When he went away he left a prescription, which Charity took to the chemist's, in the next street, to have made up, and by then it was bed time, and my lady talked of retiring for the night.

"Everything is prepared, isn't it?" she asked of Charity.

"Yes, my lady."

"Go to bed, then, and I will sit up until daylight; then you can take your turn, whilst I lie down for an hour or two."

But Charity would not hear of this.

"Oh, no you don't, my lady, I can tell you," she said, in a brusque kindly way, to which old friendship with her mistress had given her a right. "It's me that's going to sit up; you'll be quite ill enough sleeping in a strange bed, without trying to do anything more."

"I tell you, Charity, I shall sit up with her. Who's to do your work to-morrow if you tire yourself out that way?"

"Oh, I shall do my work well enough," retorted Charity. "I don't want no one to help me to do my work."

"Whether you do or not, I shall sit up, I say."

"You will have your own way, my lady."

"Of course I will, in my own house."

"Oh! certainly my lady."

These little passages at arms were of pretty frequent occurrence, the old lady generally coming off victorious while she recollected what the point was in dispute; but, when she forgot, Charity generally carried her point, without any outward sign of triumph, but with much secret chuckling. Upon this occasion her ladyship conquered, and, having had the fire lighted in her bed-room, and an arm-chair—the only arm-chair with any claim to the name of ease—brought upstairs, she sat down and began her watch.

Charity having placed her bed-room candle by her mistress's side, bade her a somewhat surly good night, and retired.

Miss Acre approaching her, as was her custom, to kiss her on the cheek, the old lady stopped her, and, gently pressing her back into a seat by her side, said, "Wait here, Jane, I want to speak to you."

There was nothing harsh in the old lady's voice; it had even rather a sorrowful tone, but Jane was awfully frightened, and her heart beat violently as she sat silent and white as death, waiting to be questioned.

The time had come at last, she thought, and there would be no way of accounting for her conduct. What would Lady Lad do to her? Would she turn her out of the house into the streets, where the beggars were?

These ideas were passing through the young girl's mind as she sat there with her eyes resting on the ground; and, while thus occupied, she caught sight of something round and bright, glittering upon the hearth-rug, about a yard from where she sat, and flushed up suddenly at discovering that it was one of the pearls that had fallen off the broken string.

"If she finds out that, I am done for," said the girl to herself. "I don't care what she finds out if she does not find out that."

All these thoughts scarce took a moment to pass through the young girl's brain; but by the time it was Lady Lad's pleasure to speak to her, she was singularly calm, to all outward appearance; shy, and a little sullen, as was her usual manner, but with no signs of fear or guilty confusion visible.

Before she spoke, the old lady fixed her eyes upon the girl's face—keen enough eyes in their time, but now a little dimmed with age. It would have required a sharp eye-sight, indeed, to have seen through the smooth white mask she looked upon, or read the heart beneath, which, to tell truth, was a greater mystery to its owner than to any one.

"I have something to say to you, Jane," said her ladyship, at

last, "which I did not like to say before Charity. Now you must answer me truly, Jane, as you always do."

"Yes, madam."

"You always speak the truth, Jane, do you not?"

"Yes."

"I think you do. I have never found you out in an untruth, and I hope that there is nothing in this matter that you cannot explain."

The old lady still looked fixedly at her young companion, who raised her eyes and lowered them again, and waited without any change of colour or expression.

"Do you remember, Jane," said the old lady, "about a week ago, you went to a draper's shop for me to buy some ribbon?"

This was so unexpected a question, and seemingly so disconnected with the subject she had dreaded Lady Lad would touch upon, that she said, quite eagerly—

"Oh, yes; I recollect distinctly."

"Of course, I supposed that you would. And you remember, too, I daresay, that you wanted to buy some ribbon for yourself?"

"Yes, madam; you gave me the money."

"It is about that I wanted to speak to you. You said at the time that you had no money of your own?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you told me the truth?"

"Yes, madam."

"Since then, of course, nobody has given you any money?"

"No, madam; no one."

"Of course, then, you have given no money away since, as you had none of your own to give?"

"No, madam."

"None whatever?"

"No, madam."

"Not to Mrs. Drake?"

"No."

The old lady was silent for several moments, and, with her brows knitted, seemed to be thinking out some puzzling problem.

"I will ask her what she meant to-morrow," said Lady Lad. "You may go to bed now, Jane; and, if you have spoken the truth, you may kiss me. There, bless you; good night."

Jane, thus dismissed, without another word, arose, took up her bed-room candle which had stood lighted upon the table since the beginning of the short conversation just related, and went quietly up-stairs to her own room. Here, having locked the door, she drew out from under the bed the bundle of finery she had hidden there, and laid the various articles straight, pausing once or twice to listen to some fancied creak upon the stairs.

But the talk she had just had with her ladyship disturbed her but little. She had very rapidly thought over what had been said, and formed a sullen resolve to adhere to the false statement she had made, come what would. Of course she understood that if her ladyship were to get any suspicion of her real motive in concealing the information about Ruth, she would undoubtedly run a great risk of being turned out of doors; but she did not see how this, which was her own secret, could ever be discovered. It was clear she could do nothing but wait and see what happened. In the meantime she must stick to the lie she had told. Yes; nothing on earth should make her recall her words.

But while she was folding up a lace scarf which she had worn, a paper fell from it to the ground, and she stooped and picked it up. The letter she now spread open before the candle to read was badly written and badly spelt, but yet sufficiently legible, and she had soon made herself mistress of its contents, which were brief enough.

It was dated from a house in Bedfordbury, and ran thus:—

MY LADY,

I have wrote to say your granddaughter is worse agin, which, if you want to see her at al, must come quick. Opin you will excuss liberty I have took.

I am, my lady,

Your obedient servant,
MARTHA DRAKE.

This was the letter, then, which Lady Lad had received in the afternoon, and which she had left upon her dressing-table. In the hurry and confusion Jane had gathered it up in the scarf without noticing the circumstance, and so had carried it away.

The girl's first thought was, would her ladyship miss the letter and come in quest of it? The second was, was it possible, now she knew Mrs. Drake's address, to get to see her and persuade her not to tell her ladyship what occurred place upon the occasion of the brief interview which had taken place between them. Had she told already? Apparently so; but yet my lady did not seem convinced. How, then, could the mischief be set straight? Why, Mrs. Drake could be persuaded to retract her words—to say she had not said what she had said—for one or two more guineas.

Of course, that was the way. Nothing more easy. There were more guineas where those had come from, and they could be easily obtained. Only, how was she to get to see Mrs. Drake before her ladyship had time to see her? Everything depended on this. Ah, to be sure; why not steal out of the house now, and run through the streets? The old lady was so deaf, she would never hear anything; and by this time Charity Stone would probably have gone to sleep. Perhaps to a grown-up woman this scheme might have seemed rather too wild and dangerous; but our young lady thought it reasonable enough, and made up her mind to run all risks.

No sooner was she determined than she began her preparations. The first thing to be done being to get the guineas, and to do this she must make an excursion down to the first-floor.

Opening the bed-room door very carefully, she stole out and listened. The sound of the old lady moving about down below frightened her before she had laid a foot upon the stairs. She fancied, too, she saw the glimmering of a light somewhere down below. Charity had not gone to bed. It was not time yet to make any stir. She must wait for an hour. But how to while an hour away?

The bed-room candles used at her ladyship's establishment were only candle-ends, and the one served out to Miss Jane this evening had already been burning a long while, and had burnt very low. She must have a candle presently, and therefore thought it best to economise the light for the present, and, blowing the candle out, opened the window and tried to amuse herself at looking down into the square and up at the moon shining very brightly overhead.

The square was very still, and, at the first glance, seemingly empty. Here and there a light glimmered in the upper windows of one of the houses.

"Everybody is going to bed," thought Jane. "Perhaps Mrs. Drake will have gone to bed, too. I shall be too late if I don't go soon. Never mind, though, I can knock her up."

She turned her attention from the illuminated window-blinds to the moon over head, and fell to wondering what other countries it was shining upon at the same time—what palaces and courts—what scenes of dazzling beauty.

"When I am rich," she thought, "I, too, will go to court, and wear satins, and silks, and diamonds, and pearls, like those down stairs in the cupboard, and how beautiful I shall look!"

But then another thought crossed her mind, and her young face darkened in a sinister fashion, ugly to see.

"Perhaps I shall never be rich," she thought. "Now she has come I may be turned out of doors. But why should I be? There's one way of preventing that that I know of; and if they did turn me out, I shouldn't starve, perhaps, because—I know why."

With which reflection she nodded her head three times at the moon, and smiled at her own wisdom, then began to ponder deeply, with her chin in her hand, and her white face turned upwards.

But as she was thus occupied, the sound of a man's voice, singing softly, reached her from the square below, and, peering down into the dim light, fancied she could trace the outline of a figure in a cloak, in front of which a bright spark of fire occasionally waved to and fro, which might have been something very mysterious, but was most likely only a cigar. This figure in the cloak, who was, perhaps, a prince in disguise, appeared to be serenading the lady of his love, who was no doubt in one of the houses on either side, and he had pitched his voice very low, perhaps because he was fearful of awakening her hard-hearted parents or guardians.

As well as Jane could make out, for the darkness and the cloak, he was a fine, tall prince, and one whom any lady might have been proud to win the heart of, but then it was rather dark where he stood, and the cloak did certainly muffle up his figure. Yet she could not help wishing that she was fortunate enough to be serenaded by some rich and handsome stranger. She would not so much have minded him being handsome but he must have a lot of money—at least enough to buy a palace and a few estates.

Perhaps next best to having a prince *incognito* singing without your bed-room casement, is to sleep next door to some lucky young lady so blessed, providing, of course, that you have a fancy for melodious sounds at unreasonable hours, and do not want, instead, to be quiet and go to sleep. At least so thought Miss Jane, as, drawing back her head, she sat and listened, and now and then peeped out cautiously to see whether the prince still occupied the same position he was holding when first she looked towards him—leaning against the railings of the enclosure with his arms crossed on his breast.

The most puzzling part of the business was why he should stand directly opposite Lady Lad's house, instead of opposite the house on either side, in one or the other of which it was to be supposed the object of his affections resided. And again why did he sing in such a low tone if he wanted to attract the lady's attention when he stood so far off, for she could not possibly have heard him unless she had the window open. If she had the window open, perhaps she had her head out, Jane had thought, and had peeped cautiously in either direction, but without being able to see anything of her fair neighbour.

While thus occupied upon the last occasion she was beyond measure astonished by seeing the figure down below most distinctly kiss his hand towards Lady Lad's house, upon which Miss Jane very hastily drew in her own head, and sat in a flutter, filled with boundless wonder and some alarm.

What did it mean? That he was serenading some one, of course, was clear enough, that that some one was in Lady Lad's house was also equally certain. Who was it then? It was not reasonable to suppose it could be her ladyship. It was not very probable that it was Charity Stone. It could hardly be Ruth, for supposing the person in the cloak knew her to be in the house, he must also know her to be lying ill.

Who could it be then? There was nobody. The person in the cloak was certainly no prince *incognito*. He was either a poor man, singing for his supper, or a lunatic. If the movement she had seen was meant to represent the waving of a kiss, most likely a lunatic.

Yet, although the romance of the affair seemed rather dying out, she could not help feeling a lingering curiosity respecting the stranger's movements, and continued to watch him, only taking more care than before to conceal herself from his view. But all at once she heard the sound of a window opening on the floor below, and the music suddenly ceasing, the stranger beat a hasty retreat, so that the adventure terminated in a less romantic fashion than it had promised to do.

The stranger gone, the square remained perfectly quiet for a very long while, and no sound disturbing the silence of the house below, Jane opened the door again, crept out to listen, seemed to be satisfied that all was safe, and, coming back to her room, lighted the end of candle, and, carrying her bonnet and pelisse in her hand, went on tip-toe down the stairs, which creaked ominously beneath her tread, light as it was.

Arriving in front of Lady Lad's door, she stooped to peep in at the keyhole, and saw the old lady by the side of the fire, sitting at a small table, littered over with papers, and among them the tin box where Jane had seen the will, leaving the property in her favour.

"What does she want maddling with that, I wonder?" said the young girl to herself. "She'll be hiding it away somewhere, and no one will be able to find it when it is wanted. I shall look in the box to-morrow to see that it is all right."

The candle end she carried was so very short that she could not afford to waste any more time by the way, but must hurry onwards and get done the work she had to do if she were to put her wild project into execution. Continuing her journey downstairs until she reached the ground-floor, she opened the door of the front parlour, a room filled full of lumber, and what, at first sight, seemed like mounds of bottle ends and old boots.

The dusty treasures of this museum were, however, not unfamiliar to the girl, who now picked her way daintily among them, and, thrusting her hand into some litter, drew forth a small canvas bag, and concealed it in her bosom.

Scarcely had she done so, when the candle she carried suddenly went out, as though some one had blown upon it, and as she stood for a moment motionless, she distinctly heard a creaking footfall on the stairs, coming down towards her.

CHAPTER VI.—MORE TRICKS.

In sickening terror she listened and waited. It could only be Lady Lad coming down to visit her hidden hoards. There was no way of escape. She could only wait here until she was discovered, and if discovered, she would certainly be turned out of the house.

With surprising forethought she pulled the canvas bag from her bosom, and rapidly replaced it among the rubbish, then stood helpless, waiting until the door should open, and her ladyship and she stand face to face.

The creaking on the stairs, meanwhile, continued, then there was a footstep coming towards the room. Then it was close to the door, and the light shining in through the crevice, and then—it had passed by.

Holding her breath, the girl listened with painful intensity, and heard the footsteps go on towards the street-door, and the chains rattle, and the bolts grate faintly in their rusty sockets, and presently she heard a heavier footstep on the flag-stones outside, and a man's voice sunk low, to which a woman's voice, in a frightened whisper, replied hastily, enjoining silence.

"That's Charity," said Jane to herself, "Who is she talking to? Perhaps the man who sang the song."

Still trembling from her recent fright, but with some newly-gathered courage, the young lady crept with great caution towards the door, stretching her hands out before her as she went, dreading to make a noise by any accidental collision with the numerous articles piled up in all directions, with dangerous angles projecting on every side.

The whispered conversation had been going on with some rapidity, meanwhile, and when Jane at last reached the crevice of the parlour door, at which she took up her position to listen, there was a pause. This, in a minute or so, was broken by the man's voice, in a sort of discontented growl.

"Well, you know best, I've said all I have got to say. Go your own gait, and I'll go mine; only don't tell folks after its over you weren't warned, that's all."

To this Charity Stone, whimpering—

"It's cruel hard of you, Harry, to put it that way. What would you have me do? You know I cannot do more nor I can."

"Oh, that's precious fine talk, that is," the other retorted. "You won't do more nor you will, is more like the size of it. Anyhow, I've given you notice, and that can't be chucked at me, whatever else is."

There was another pause here, and a low sound of whistling, and a sound as though the whistler was tapping his boot with a cane. Presently, Charity spoke again.

"What is the least will do for you, Harry, to set you straight again. Do tell me the very least you can manage with, and—between this and to-morrow night, I will speak to my mistress, and see what I can manage."

"Well, nothing under a five pun note's no good at all," replied the man, speaking carelessly, and in a loud voice, in which the woman servant hastily checked him.

"Hush! hush!" she said, "If my lady only had the least idea I had opened the door to you, I should be sent away at once."

"All right, she won't hear."

"I don't know, she may by chance come out upon the stairs. You had better go now. There, I will see you again to-morrow night at this time, if I do not send to you, but I shall most likely end, because—because—"

"Because, why?"

"I am afraid of your coming here. If I were discharged, what would become of both of us? There would be nothing but the workhouse for me. I am afraid I should not get such another mistress. Besides, I should have no character, and now that my money is all gone—"

"All gone! Come, draw it a little milder, please. Not all, I think."

"Every farthing of it, Harry, my dear boy. Every farthing you have had. Heaven forgive you if misfortune comes to us. I ought not to have let you have it, perhaps, but I did. You wanted it, you said, and I could not see you want. God help me."

There was a sound of sobbing, and an impatient shuffling of boots, as though some one were breaking her heart, and some one else was rather bored by her displays of anguish.

"Well, that'll do," the man's voice said, "To-morrow, then. Good night. I wish to the Lord you'd be a little bit more reasonable, and not make such scenes out of everything. It's jolly hard on a fellow to have things chucked at him, but it was always the way with you. I'm an unlucky brute, and I wish I'd been drowned long ago."

"Don't say that, Harry. Don't, Harry, dear, say that. You know if anything came to you, my own dear boy, I should die. You know I only live for you, Harry. You will take care of yourself, won't you?"

"Oh, ah, I'm right enough. Good night."

"Won't you kiss me?"

"Well, there."

The young girl stood listening until the door was closed, after a long pause, during which, no doubt, the foolish woman had been watching the retreating form of the gallant Harry as he went along with a true British sailor-like roll, suggestive of "Hearts of Oak" and pockets full of prize-money. In 1840 public opinion with regard to jolly Jack tars was mostly founded on the inspiring minstrelsy of Mr. Thomas Dibdin, and on the life-like acting of the great T. P. T. P. had in his youth really been a sailor, and it may be read in the criticisms on his performances that this fact was the cause of the extremely realistic nature of his impersonations. Mr. Douglas Jerrold, also a sailor, further contributed to the public's enlightenment. Since then the jolly Jack Tar seems to have degenerated somewhat in a few trifling respects, and perhaps the nautical terms have been altered too, for seafaring persons have of late years been seen to smile at certain sea-phrases which a sailor wrote and a sailor spoke, and we all applauded loudly, twenty-five years ago.

The gallant tar's figure had disappeared in the distance. Charity Stone closed the door and slowly ascended the stairs, while Jane stood listening, with a curious smile upon her face.

"If my lady found out that he had come to see her, she would be sent away, and then she would die in the workhouse. Very well. Don't let her go against me, then, or I will pay her out."

As, however, it was just then more a question of how she was to avoid being paid out herself, when that ugly little lie she had told should come to light, she began to ask herself what she should do. When first she had come down stairs to get the money, she had been fully determined to make the journey to Bedfordbury, of which she had conceived the notion, but the long delay had somewhat dispirited her. Now groping her way, in the darkness, to the place where the money was concealed, she again and again knocked against and upset the articles scattered in her way, pausing each time and listening, trembling with fear, lest the noise she had made should attract the attention of her ladyship, whose bedroom door might be open.

And now she had got back at last to the corner where the bag was hidden, and stooped to feel for it. But no, she must be mistaken. It was impossible to find anything in the dark, and how to get a light, that was more impossible still. What was to be done then? Should she give it up? Groping about less cautiously than before, she somehow managed to knock her elbow against a crowded table which she had no idea was so near, and a pile of books came thundering down with a noise which echoed all through the house.

In desperate terror she sprang towards the door, expecting to find her ladyship upon the stairs. There was indeed a light there, shining from above, and her ladyship's voice saying, "Sah—sah! s'at! get away will you." She thought that it was the celebrated fat

Tom, doing what he never did—that is to say, trying to catch a mouse.

Presently, all remaining quiet, her ladyship went back again into her bed-room and closed the door, but Jane dare venture no more, and after a while, when she thought that she could move with safety, crept up stairs and into bed.

"With I'll be up before her in the morning," Jane said, "and go and see Mrs. Drake before they have time to talk together. I can find the money easy enough in the morning, and that will make her say what I like; or, if she doesn't, I'll pay her out."

With which remarks, perhaps a little vague in shape, but full of meaning, probably, when well thought over, the young lady fell asleep, and dreamt that she had paid out everybody, and was rich and triumphant, and enormously happy.

But somehow she slept next day much longer than usual; so long, indeed, that Charity came, quite out of the ordinary course of things, to knock at her bed-room door.

"Oh, if you please, Miss—"

"What is it?" cried Jane, starting up in bed.

"Mrs. Drake is here, Miss, and my lady says she wants to speak to you together."

Full twenty minutes elapsed before Jane made her appearance in the old lady's bedroom, where the latter, propped up in bed by pillows, in her dirty frilled night-cap and a dingy yellow shawl pinned about her, like a half-unrolled mummy. As Jane entered she glanced towards her ladyship eagerly, and noticed the bead-like eyes turned inquiringly in her direction, but she shewed no sign of emotion as she walked very quietly to the bed-side and took her stand there, facing the visitor.

"Jane," said her ladyship, "I have not yet spoken to Mrs. Drake upon the subject we talked about last night; I thought it fittest that you should be here to hear when I questioned her. Now, Mrs. Drake, tell me, when did you see Miss Jane Acre last?"

"A little better nor a fortnight since," said Mrs. Drake, after due reflection, and looking a little astonished by the question.

"Where did you see her?"

"Here."

"In this room?"

"No, in this house, my lady. Downstairs in the passage."

"Was any one else present at the time?"

"No one. Miss Jane answered the door, and said you were out?"

"And it was upon that occasion that Miss Jane gave you the two guineas you spoke of?"

"Yes, it was?"

Here Jane interrupted suddenly by asking—

"If I gave her two guineas, where are they?"

"Hush, my dear," said Lady Lad, laying her hand upon the girl's arm; "you have not got to speak yet. What has become of the money Mrs. Drake?"

"Why, for bless me," said Mrs. Drake, impatiently, "what should have come to it, except to be spent. I'm much too badly off, and them that belongs to me, to keep it nursing in my pocket all this while. I wanted it, of course, and spent it."

My lady was silent for a while. It struck her as being very extraordinary that anybody should spend two guineas, coming as it were as a sort of Godsend, with such indecent haste, and from this point she began to doubt the truth of the whole story.

"You spent it, did you? Very well, and pray, why, do you say, did Miss Jane give it to you?"

"She gave it me, my lady, from you; she said you had given it her to give to me."

"Why?"

"I don't think I ought to be cross-questioned this way, my lady, and I don't like it, I can tell you!" burst out Mrs. Drake, who was fast losing her temper under the steady stare of her ladyship's eyes. "She said it was to reward me for giving the information about Mrs. Acre, but I know very well now why she gave it. I didn't know it then, but I can see through it now, and I thank God she's no child of mine. I do from my heart."

"It is not a question of children of your's, Mrs. Drake," said the old lady coldly, "but of a young lady living under my roof, against whom you have brought a very serious charge."

"I beg your pardon, my lady; I'm sorry to offend you, but I know what I know; and if I was talking to all the nobility of the land, I should stick to the truth when once I'd told it, and not sit quietly down to be made a liar of."

"Jane," said the old lady, raising herself in bed, and taking the girl's hand in hers, whilst she gazed steadfastly into her face, "Answer me truly. Understand; what this person accuses you of amounts to the most cruel and base treachery it is almost possible to imagine. Tell me, now, upon your soul, Jane, did you, or did you not, give this person the money, as she says?"

Never before had the pale, sickly face worn so defiant an expression. The colour mounted to her cheeks, and her eyes, flashing proudly, she seemed for a moment almost beautiful. The ugliest women have their bright flashes of beauty now and then. It was impossible to believe so young a girl to be false—impossible to believe the boldly spoken words a lie.

"No, madam," she said; "I did not do so."

Mrs. Drake rose in a tremble of rage.

"Oh, you bad girl! Oh, you wicked girl! How can you stand there and say such a thing? How dare you tell so dreadful a lie? It is a wonder to me you're not afraid the Almighty should strike you dumb. Oh, how horrible! Oh, how dreadful!"

Here Jane burst into an angry passion of tears.

"Don't let her talk so to me, madam. It is the truth. I swear it is." And she hid her face upon the bed and sobbed.

"How dare you, woman!" said her ladyship, sternly. "I want to hear no more. Go away, if you please." With which she rang the bell violently, and summoned Charity Stone to her aid. "Please show this person out." Then, producing a sovereign from somewhere under the clothes, and, stretching it towards Mrs. Drake, she added, "Here, take this that I promised. It is for your trouble; but do not come here again."

Mrs. Drake drew back, and her eyes glittered spitefully. "Keep your dirty money—I don't want it. I wish I had never taken the other. I would cut my hand off before I took any again from her. I know her now, and I know more than you think for, my lady. You may thank Heaven if you never have cause to repent what you are doing now, but I would lie till I died, with nothing between me and the sky, rather than share the same roof with the likes of her. Don't be afraid, my good woman. You need not push me. I am going."

And she went, leaving the pale-faced little girl mistress of the situation.

She left her also far higher in her ladyship's good graces than she had ever been before, and that night, when bed-time came, my lady said "Poor little child, you have suffered a great deal to-day. You must have a reward. I shall look out something from among my treasures to give to you."

At these words the recollection of the things upstairs under the bed flashed suddenly upon the young lady's mind.

"I must put them away at once," she thought.

My lady again insisted upon sitting up with Ruth, whom the doctor had pronounced in a more dangerous state to-day than last night, but Jane interposed at the last moment.

"You will grant me a favour, madam," she said, standing to ask it with her bed-room candle in her hand.

"Certainly I will, dear, if it lies in my power."

"Let me sit up, then, to-night with poor mamma."

Her ladyship had many objections to urge against this, but, in the end, of course, the young lady carried her point, and was left alone with the invalid.

"But whatever you do, my dear," said Lady Lad; "be most particular that you give her the medicine exactly at the time; the doctor was most emphatic upon that point. Perhaps Charity had better look in now and then to see how you are going on."

But there was no occasion for this, Miss Jane protested. She would be most careful. The patient should have her medicine to the moment, and with this assurance Lady Lad left her seated by the fireside in her usual quiet, dreamy way, gazing earnestly at the glowing embers—a favourite pastime of this pretty child. The hours passed slowly on, and the sick woman tossed her weary head from side to side, and the young nurse sat with a watch and the physic bottles before her. There could be no error about the time, and no occasion for Charity Stone to have been afraid of a mistake, and to come when the moment for giving the medicine arrived, only to find that it had been given.

It had, Jane said, and sure enough there was a dose gone, and a wet glass standing on the table.

"What have you been throwing on the cinders?" asked Charity, who had taken the poker in her hand to stir the fire.

"Only some water I used to wash the glass out with."

"Oh, water was it!"

What possible motive could the servant have had in coming back again just before the next two hours had expired, and going straight to the medicine bottle.

"You have not given the physic yet, I see; I will do it myself."

"Her ladyship said I was to do so."

"I know, but it doesn't matter."

"Her ladyship will be very angry when I tell her of your conduct."

Charity Stone looked hard into the girl's face.

"You will not tell her, Miss Jane, if you are wise. And you will go to bed now, and say no more upon the subject."

Without any reply, Miss Jane, strangely meek and humble, lit her bed-room candle and retired. But when her bed-room door was closed, she clenched her little fists and ground her teeth.

"I will pay her out now," she said, "I will pay them all out. They shan't come between me and my lady. I'll pay them out! I'll pay them out!"

(To be continued.)

THE WAR IN CENTRAL ASIA.

THE last accounts from the seat of war state that "the Emir of Bokhara had been defeated by the natives of Shehri-Sebz, and forced to allow that province to become an independent state. The Emir had returned to Bokhara." The whole province of Bokhara forms the most powerful state of what the moderns call Independent Tartary, or Turkistan, and its area is estimated at 235,000 square miles. Its inhabitants include Kalmycks, Turkomans, Arabs, Persians, Kirghiz, Tadjiks, Afghans, &c; hence, little, but determined, wars between these races are of no rare occurrence. The two illustrations on page 140 will give an idea of their mode of warfare, their accoutrements, and the nature of the country.

A Parliamentary return shows that the following offices of profit may be held by members of the House of Commons:—Those of First Lord and Junior Lords of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretaries to the Treasury, four of the Secretaries of State and four of the Under-Secretaries, the President of the Council and the Vice-President of the Education Department, the First Commissioner of Works, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, five Lords of the Admiralty and the Secretary, the Postmaster-General, the President and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, the President and Secretary of the Poor Law Board, the Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, and Judge-Advocate, the Master of the Rolls, the First Church Estates Commissioner, the Controller, Treasurer, and Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household, the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General for Scotland, the Chief Secretary for Ireland and the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General for Ireland. To this list may be added the Lords in Waiting and Equerries and Grooms in Waiting. The seat of a member is vacated by his acceptance of any of these offices except those of Secretary to the Treasury or the Admiralty or the Poor Law Board or Under-Secretary of State.

HENCEFORTH no one will doubt the valuable properties of Du Barry's health-restoring Revalenta Arabica Invalids' and Infants' Food, since to the blessings it has received from Invalids whose position was deemed hopeless we may now add that of his Holiness the Pope, whose health has been perfectly restored by it after years of unsuccessful medical treatment. We quote from the *Gazette du Midi*:—"Rome, July 21, 1866.—The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, of which he consumes a plateful at every meal. It has produced a surprisingly beneficial effect on his health, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly." This delicious Food restores good appetite, perfect digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs and liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity and energy, to the most disordered or enfeebled, curing speedily and effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), habitual constipation, diarrhoea, hemorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, all kinds of fevers, sore throats, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism, gout, impurities of the blood, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, low spirits, despondency, spleen, acidity, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea and vomiting even in pregnancy, sinking, fits, cough, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, scrofula, tightness of the chest, pains at the pit of the stomach, between the shoulders, &c., atrophy, or wasting away of the body in old and young, saving fifty times its cost in other remedies. We extract a few more out of more than 68,000 cures:—The Marchioness de Brehan of seven years' liver complaint, wasting away, debility, nervousness, with a nervous palpitation, bad digestion, sleeplessness, and nervous agitation of Cure No. 1,771: Lord Stuart de Decles, Lord Lieutenant of Waterford, of many years' dyspepsia. No. 49,832: "Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting.—Maria Joly." Cure No. 48,270: Mr. James Roberts, of Frimley, Surrey, of 30 years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver complaint, partial deafness. Cure No. 34,161: The Rev. James I. Campbell, Fakenham, Norfolk, of "indigestion and torpidity of the liver, which had resisted all medical treatment." In time at 1s. 14d.; 1lb., 3s. 9d.; 2lbs., 6s. 6d.; 3lbs., 11s.; 4lbs., 12s.; 5lbs., 13s.; 6lbs., 14s.—BARRY DE BARRY and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London; and all Grocers and Chemists.—Important Caution.—Beware of the many unscrupulous and more than sloppy imitations to which, without authority, Baron Liebig's name is most audaciously attached.

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A copper plate engraved (any style), and fifty best cards printed, with card case included, for 2s. Sent post free by Arthur Granger, the noted chess stationer, 308, High-street, Holborn; and the new Borough Bazaar, 95, S.E.



THE WAR IN CENTRAL ASIA—ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE NATIVES OF SHEHR-I SEBZ AND THE EMIR OF BOKHARA. (See Page 139.)



THE WAR IN CENTRAL ASIA—CAVALRY FORDING A RIVER. (See Page 139.)

THE PROSECUTION OF EX-GOVERNOR EYRE.

At the special sessions held in the County Court at Market Drayton, on Monday, Mr. Fitz James Stephen applied for a warrant against Mr. Eyre on the charge of having been accessory before the fact to the murder of Mr. George W. Gordon. The magistrates on the bench were Sir Baldwin Leigh-ton, chairman; Colonel Hill, Major Broughton, Mr. R. Corbet, Mr. Egerton Harding, and Mr. John Tayleur. Mr. Thomas Twemlow and Mr. D. Hodson also sat on the bench, but took no part in the proceedings, as they had subscribed to the Eyre defence fund.

Mr. Fitz James Stephen said he appeared by the instructions of Mr. John Stuart Mill, M.P. for Westminster, and Mr. Peter Taylor, M.P. for Leicester, to apply for a warrant against John Edward Eyre, now residing at Adderley Hall, as an accessory before the fact to the wilful murder of Geo. W. Gordon, in Jamaica, on the 23rd October, 1865. He said the acts under which he applied were, first, the 24th and 25th Vic., cap. 100, sec. 99, which empowers magistrates to issue a warrant against any British subject charged with murder or manslaughter committed in the United Kingdom or colonies, provided that the accused now resided within the jurisdiction of such magistrates. He also relied on the 11th and 12th Vic., cap. 42, sec. 2, known as "Jarvis's Act," containing similar provisions. Counsel then entered into the details of Governor Eyre's proceedings respecting the disturbance at Morant Bay, in October, 1865; the removal of Mr. Gordon from Kingston, and the transmitting of Mr. Gordon to Morant Bay, to be tried by court-martial.

At the close of his statement counsel called Dr. Fiddes, of Jamaica, who deposed that Mr. Gordon had been a patient of his; that in his opinion Mr. Gordon had been illegally executed, and that Governor Eyre was a party to said execution.

Augustus Wm. Lake, of Jamaica, reporter, deposed that he saw Mr. Gordon executed at Morant Bay on the 23rd October 1865. Evidence was also given as to the proceedings at the court-martial.

At the close of the evidence, the chairman said it would be necessary, if a warrant was granted, for the prosecutor to attend to be bound to prosecute.

Mr. Shaen, of London, solicitor, said: I am the prosecutor. I charge Mr. Eyre with being accessory before the fact to the murder of Mr. George W. Gordon, and I apply for a warrant to arrest him.

After some observations from Mr. F. Stephen, who said if the magistrates felt that they could issue a summons, he should prefer a summons to a warrant.

The magistrates issued a warrant, and the case was adjourned till Wednesday.

On Wednesday the proceedings were resumed, and Mr. Eyre attended.

The chairman said that Mr. Corbet, one of the magistrates who sat on Monday, being son of Mr. Eyre's landlord, thought, it proper to decline sitting any longer in the case.

Mr. F. Stephen said that on Monday, the prosecutors being in London, Mr. Shaen volunteered in that emergency to act as prosecutor, but Mr. Taylor, M.P., now present, desired to appear personally as prosecutor.

Mr. Stephen then proceeded at considerable length to argue the question of law as applied to the facts of the case, and concluded by submitting that there were at least two points raised which were necessary for the decision, one of a judge and the other of a jury, first, as to what is martial law, and whether it is lawful according to the common law of England to take a civilian out of a district in which martial law did not exist and then hang him; secondly, whether Mr. Eyre's conduct towards Gordon was that of a man actuated simply by considerations of justice.

The case was then adjourned.

On Thursday it was resumed, and

D. A. Fiddes, of Jamaica, Walter H. Lake, of Jamaica, reporter, Mr. H. Phillippe, barrister (who had practised in Jamaica), and other witnesses were again examined, and severally deposed to the facts connected with the execution of Mr. Gordon. The case was then again adjourned.

On Friday the hearing was resumed, and Mr. Gifford addressed the magistrates for the defence in a speech which occupied six hours in delivery.

The magistrates retired for consultation, and on their return the chairman said that they were unanimously of opinion that the evidence did not raise a strong or probable presumption of guilt; and that upon such evidence a jury would acquit.

Mr. Eyre was then discharged.

The insignia of the Order of the Annunziata, recently forwarded to Count Bismarck by the King of Italy, were accompanied by the following despatch: "M. le Comte—At the moment when the reunion of Venetia with Italy has crowned the results of the permanent alliance concluded between the Government of his Majesty the King of Prussia and mine, I am anxious to offer you a fresh pledge of my esteem, and I desire at the same time to testify to you how highly I appreciate the titles you have acquired to the gratitude of the two nations, by the eminent part you have taken in the accomplishment of the work gloriously conducted by his Majesty King William I., your august sovereign. I have consequently nominated you a Knight of my high Order of the Most Holy Annunziata, and I charge my minister, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to transmit to you the insignia. I am happy, by this striking mark of my feelings, to consecrate the place Italy gives you in recollections that will always be dear and precious to her. I trust you will perceive in it a proof of the value I attach to seeing you continue to strengthen the intimate relations commenced between Italy and Prussia by such memorable events. Whereupon I pray God to have you, M. le Comte de Bismarck-Schönhausen, in his holy and worthy keeping. — VICTOR EMANUEL."



THE LATE RIOTS OF FACTORY OPERATIVES AT ROUBAIX.

PROPOSED WORKS OF ART EXHIBITION AT LEEDS.

A movement has been set on foot for the holding of a national exhibition of works of art at Leeds next year. The exhibition is to be specially devoted to the interests of art, and to the extension of a taste for and knowledge of its best productions in painting and sculpture throughout England, and the result contemplated is the establishment, first of all in Leeds, and afterwards in every town of importance throughout the country, of local public galleries of art, in which painting and sculpture shall hold the most prominent places. The exhibition is, therefore, a matter of some national importance. The new infirmary in Leeds, which is quickly approaching completion, has been decided upon as the building wherein to hold the exhibition. Judging by the information we have at hand, no better place could be hit upon. The new infirmary in Leeds is looked upon as the most perfect and noble work of its class in Europe. That it fully sustains the high reputation which its architect, Mr. G. Gilbert Scott has gained for himself is perhaps as good a eulogium as could be passed on the building. Although differing entirely, as regards its plan, from any buildings in which former exhibitions have been held, it nevertheless appears to be well suited to the purposes of a fine-art exhibition, whilst as a depository for valuable works of art it has these three great advantages over all former buildings—it is perfectly ventilated, and is fire-proof and water-tight. It is, besides, a strong, solid, permanent building, so that the treasures of art deposited therein may be considered as safe, and perhaps safer, than on the walls of their owners. It speaks well for the success of the movement, that when the scheme was mooted by the members of the building committee of the new infirmary, it was quickly afterwards warmly received by their fellow-citizens. In less than a month a guarantee fund of £110,000 was raised. So as to properly carry out the movement and assure for it that national character which its promoters desire, a "committee of advice" have been appointed, who will carry on their operations in London, and for whose accommodation offices have already been taken in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall. Lord Fred. Cavendish, M.P., is chairman, and its members include Earl Stanhope, Viscount Milton, Viscount Nevill, Hon. Cecil Duncombe, Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, Bart. M.P., Sir Francis Grant, Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. T. Fairbairn (Royal Commissioner of 1862 Exhibition), Mr. Layard, M.P., Baron Marochetti, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Mr. R. Redgrave, Mr. J. Ruskin, Mr. J. Gilbert Scott, and Mr. Digby Wyatt. The exhibition has received the special encouragement of the Queen, who has become its patron. The Earl Fitzwilliam is its president, and in its list of vice-presidents is to be seen a large array of peers and members of parliament. The exhibition promises to be a very great success, and promises also to leave after it some lasting good traces. The accomplishment of these desirable results depends much upon those who have become the managers of the affair.

THE LATE RIOTS BY FACTORY OPERATIVE AT ROUBAIX.

THE recent riots which have taken place at Roubaix in connection with the strike of the factory operatives in that town, have been completely quelled, the presence of the troops disposing the rioters to observe the Emperor's peace with the strictest respect. Crowds are flocking in from all the neighbouring localities to gaze upon the havoc committed on Saturday, which is represented to be of the most melancholy description. The houses attacked by the mob are stripped of all their furniture, which lies about the streets in disorder, doors and windows are things of the past, and the looms are utterly broken up. The rioters are said to be chiefly Flemings, and when addressed, with a view to their pacification, by the Prefet, they replied that what they desired was work. To break up the looms at which they would wish to be employed is a singular way of expressing a desire for work, but the working classes are eccentric even under the regimen of universal suffrage. A fresh outbreak took place at the neighbouring village of Warrelos, where a mechanical loom belonging to M. Leclerc Dupine was destroyed, but the approach of the troops dispersed the rioters.

Another step has been taken in the demolition of Poland. A decree has been issued abolishing the Polish Reichsrath, and leaving the work of legislating for Poland entirely to the Russian Chancery.

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.—ENGLISHMEN WHIPPING NEGROES ON THE AFRICAN COAST.—An extraordinary case, exposing some of the transactions at trading stations on the West Coast of Africa, was tried on Saturday, before Mr. Justice Stree, at the Liverpool Assizes. The plaintiff was a young Irish doctor (Evans by name), and the defendant a Mr. Forshaw, agent for the well-known Liverpool firm of Charles Horsfall and Sons, at Benin. In 1864, the plaintiff entered into an engagement with the Horsfall firm to act as medical officer at their Benin station. Matters went on smoothly enough for some time between plaintiff and Mr. Forshaw, but ultimately they disagreed, and Mr. Evans resolved to return home to England, and gave Mr. Forshaw a three months' notice. Several letters which passed between the parties were put in, and some written by the plaintiff, which were interlarded with hymns and passages of Scripture, created much amusement. Other portions of the correspondence, however, elicited very different feelings, for Mr. Evans stated that one of his great objections to residing at the station was the fact that Mr. Forshaw practised great cruelties upon the natives in the employ of the firm, frequently tying negroes up to posts and flogging them severely. He also stated that Mr. Forshaw lived with a black mistress in the same hut where he (the plaintiff) was also obliged to dwell. Finding that Mr. Forshaw would not consent to his leaving, the plaintiff went on board a vessel lying in the bay (the *Eagle's Wing*) and it was alleged that Mr. Forshaw, accompanied by a number of Kroomen, went on board this vessel, forcibly carried the plaintiff off to the shore again, and seized a quantity of his clothes and property, including a collection of dried snakes. For these various acts the plaintiff sought for damages. For the defence it was contended that the statements of the plaintiff were very much exaggerated and in some cases untrue; that he was not forcibly detained, nor taken by force from on board the vessel. In support of these representations Commander Wilnot, who had lived at the station and had endeavoured to act as friendly arbitrator between the disputants, said that he thought the statements of Mr. Evans were exaggerated. This view was corroborated by Mr. Clarke, European overseer on an adjacent station. During the course of the trial, Mr. Forshaw, although his counsel said it had nothing to do with the case, admitted that the statements as to his whipping negroes at times were perfectly true, and that in an uncivilised country like this it was impossible to carry on business without resorting to such measures. His lordship said he heard such a statement with mingled horror and indignation, but as it had nothing directly to do with the cause the jury could not take any cognisance of it. His lordship, in summing up the case, again severely censured the immorality and cruelty of the defendant, though he said that those acts should not influence the jury in the case. The jury, after a quarter of an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict with 50% damages on the question of false imprisonment.

LUXEMBOURG.—A few notes on the history of Luxembourg may be of interest at the present moment. Originally a county, Luxembourg was made a duchy in 1354, and remained under the dominion of its dukes during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Louis XIV. seized the southern part of the duchy and incorporated it with France, the remainder being left under the rule of Austria until the French revolution, when the whole of Luxembourg became a French possession. The Congress of Vienna again restored its separate existence, and the King of the Netherlands became its Grand Duke. In 1830 it joined the Belgians in their revolution, and the London Conference divided it between Belgium and Holland, the portion falling to the latter State being the territory now known as the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The right of maintaining a garrison in Luxembourg was conceded to Prussia by the treaties of the 31st of May, 1815, the 8th of November, 1816, and the 12th of March, 1817. The population of the Grand Duchy, according to the census of 1866, is 206,574.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The telegram anticipatory of the Bombay mail, with dates to the 6th inst., does not give us much news. The subscriptions to the Sir Bartle Frere Memorial Fund exceed £1,100. The gentlemen of the civil service have also presented Sir Bartle Frere with a service of plate. Sir Bartle was to leave on the 6th, and Sir Seymour Fitzgerald would at once assume the governorship. Lord Cranborne's resignation is said to be greatly regretted.

CASUALTY AND CRIME.

A young soldier, George Bond, drowned himself last week, leaving behind him a letter in which he declared his preference of death to a continued life at Aldershot. Curiously enough, the coroner's jury thought this explanation so clear and reasonable that they returned a verdict of *felo de se*, which, at any rate, implies, that to commit self-destruction in order to escape from the horrors of military service is regarded as no proof of insanity.

At Devizes, Ann Farr was indicted for the murder of her illegitimate child Jane, aged nine months, at Highworth, on the 24th of January last. While in the union workhouse the prisoner had repeatedly ill-used the child, and on one occasion was with difficulty prevented from strangling it on the spot. She succeeded, however, in inflicting such injuries upon it that it died in the course of ten days.—The jury found the prisoner guilty, and she was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

An action was brought at Taunton, by a Mr. Coles, to recover damages from Mr. Perkins, for slander, arising out of the Bridgewater election, after the last dissolution of parliament. The plaintiff was a sawyer and carpenter, and the defendant was the pastor of the Baptist congregation of which plaintiff was a member. The plaintiff, having been examined in London by the committee of inquiry as to corrupt practices at the election, was expelled by the defendant from the congregation on his return to Bridgewater, on the ground that he had committed perjury. It was for this accusation of perjury that the action was brought.—The jury found for the plaintiff—damages £50.

At York, John Benion, a middle-aged man, was indicted for unlawfully taking Emily Frances Harris, an unmarried girl, under the age of 16, from the possession of her parents. Benion kept a public-house at Cottingham, near Hull, and the girl Harris, with the consent of her parents, occasionally assisted him in the business. He appears to have formed an attachment for her, and she for him, for on her friends removing her home, in consequence of suspecting that all was not right, they still met. It was shown that the girl would not remain at home, and persisted in going to the defendant, and it was alleged that he exercised an influence over her which made him liable to the law. The girl herself was put into the box, and she said that it was from her own will alone that she refused to stop at home, and insisted upon going to the defendant.—The jury found the defendant guilty, and sentenced him to four months imprisonment.

At York, Elizabeth Motelock, 24 years of age, was charged with the murder of her child at Scarborough on the 25th December last. The prisoner had secretly given birth to a child in her master's house, and, suspicion of the fact having arisen, a search was made, which resulted in the discovery of the dead body of a newly-born female child in the box of the prisoner. A piece of cord was tied tightly round the neck of the child, but it was proved that death had resulted, not from strangulation, but from suffocation, which might have been accidentally caused under the circumstances attending the birth of the child. She was found guilty of concealment of birth, and sentenced to be kept to hard labour for five months.

Two inquests were held at St. George's Hospital on the bodies of domestic servants, who were burnt to death through their clothing catching fire. The first case was that of Johanna Dyer, 13 years old, who, on Thursday morning, set her dress on fire from the copper hole. She was speedily enveloped in flames, and burnt all over the body, and very severely about the chest. She died the next morning. The second case was that of Eliza Glanfield, aged 16, a general servant. On Sunday morning last her clothes caught fire while she was attending the roasting of the meat in the kitchen. It was a considerable time before the flames were put out, and the girl was so severely burnt that she died in a short time after her removal to the hospital. A verdict of Accidental Death was recorded in each case.

At Kingston, John Vicary, a navvy, was indicted for the manslaughter of his wife, Mary, at Walsingham. It appeared that the prisoner had been in the habit of ill-treating his wife, and after one of his attacks upon her she died, and was found to be covered with marks of the most savage violence. The surgeon stated it as his opinion that her death was caused by the shock to the nervous system, and a general collapse, the result of the whole of the violence inflicted. He was clearly of opinion that the marks of violence could not possibly have been caused by a fall, as they were both before and behind; and, moreover, they had all the appearance of blows, and one or two of them more resembled the marks of kicks. The prisoner, in his statement before the magistrate, admitted that he had been beating his wife; but he accused her of drinking and spending his money, and the defence in substance was that he was provoked, and in a passion. He was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

At Liverpool, Letitia Dordy, twenty-nine, was indicted for the murder of her new-born child. The prisoner was a servant at the house of Mrs. Forrest, a widow, residing at Everton. In January last Mrs. Forrest noticed the peculiar appearance of the prisoner, but the latter strongly denied that she was *enocinta*. On the night of the 21st of February Mrs. Forrest heard a scream in the kitchen—a scream like that of a child. The gas was put out when Mrs. Forrest went downstairs, and the prisoner, on being questioned, said that the noise had been made by the cat. Next morning Mrs. Forrest noticed blood on the kitchen floor, and pursuing her investigations throughout the house, she found between the prisoner's bed and the mattress the body of a newly-born child. The prisoner then confessed that she had been delivered on the previous night in the coal cellar. There was a red mark round the child's neck, which the prisoner said had been caused by the child falling upon the coals. When taken into custody Dordy said the child was born dead, but medical evidence was adduced that death had been caused by external violence. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and Mr. Justice Mellor sentenced her to death.

A fatal accident occurred on the platform of the Woolwich Arsenal Station to a private of the Woolwich Division of Royal Marine Light Infantry, named William Smith. The deceased had been servant for several years past to Captain Julius Bance, instructor of musketry to the division. During the captain's absence on leave he had absented himself from the garrison without permission, together with a seaman paid off from her Majesty's ship *Rapid*, also named Smith. From the description in the *Hue and Cry* the delinquent was arrested at Brentford, in Middlesex, and taken back to Woolwich by a sergeant of the T division of police, to whom, on being accosted, he had acknowledged having exceeded his leave. He was still wearing the captain's livery. On leaving the railway carriage at Woolwich he made a most desperate attempt to escape from custody, and, making a rush to regain one of the carriages when the train was again in motion, he missed his foot-

ing, and, falling across the rail, he was literally cut in two, two of the carriages having passed over his thighs. He was taken to the Royal Marine Infirmary, but all remedies were found of no avail. He died early the following morning. He was a man of generally good character, and is very much regretted by his master, to whom he was much attached.

A single woman, named Elizabeth Neslon, aged twenty-two years, has been apprehended by the police under the following circumstances:—One morning about six weeks ago the woman was admitted into the Sealcoates Union, and at night gave birth to a male child. On the 25th ult. she left the workhouse with the child, which was said to be a very healthy one, and went to the house of an acquaintance, but shortly afterwards left. She was seen again by another woman about an hour afterwards, but the infant was not with her. The woman questioned Neslon about it, and the latter said that the child was in Charles's-square. Neslon's acquaintance said that she would like to see it, and offered to accompany the mother to the house where it was staid the child was. Neslon hesitated to take her there, and said that she was going to buy some bread. The woman persisted in going to see the child, and it was agreed that she should do as she desired; but whilst proceeding to the house Neslon gave her companion the slip. The woman spoke to another person of her own sex about the occurrence, and they, thinking that all was not right, gave information to the police, and Neslon was apprehended. When at the police-station she made a voluntary statement to Inspector Grace, to the effect that she threw the child into the Old Harbour, on Monday last, consequently she was locked up on that charge.

James Longhurst, 21, was charged at Kingston with the wilful murder of Jane Sax, by cutting her throat. The case stood over from the summer assizes last year, upon an application that was made on behalf of the prisoner for a postponement, in order to afford an opportunity to bring forward evidence to show that the prisoner was not in a sound state of mind at the time that the offence that was imputed to him was committed. The facts of the case may be stated in the words of the deceased in a deposition she made on this morning of her death:—"On the same day I was brought to the hospital I met the prisoner in a field that leads from Shere to Gomsall. The prisoner was holding open a gate, and as I passed through he laid hold of me, and squeezed me and laid me down in the field and laid a-top of me a little while. He then picked me up and took me into a wheat field close by, and threw me down, and put his hand up my clothes. I cried out and he tried to choke me. When he was holding open the gate I saw a knife in his hand, and whilst I was in the wheat field he cut me with the knife, and I called out to David Edson, and he came. The prisoner is the boy, I am quite sure he is the boy who did it." These were the principal facts given in evidence, and there did not appear to be the least doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, not only of the specific offence of which he was accused, but that he had previously attempted to violate the person of the unfortunate child whose life had been sacrificed to his brutality. The jury, after being in deliberation about an hour, returned into court and found the prisoner guilty. They at the same time recommended him to mercy, on the ground that the act had been committed without premeditation. Sentence of death was passed in the usual form.

The driver of the mail cart between Horncastle and Langworth was proceeding on his usual journey about half-past six o'clock on the evening of the 16th March. As he entered Wragby one of the traces gave way, and this caused the horse to take fright; the animal rushed off at a furious rate, and the driver lost all control over it. At the corner where the roads diverge, the one leading to Langworth, the other to Market Rasen, the horse was accustomed to turn up the latter road, where the post-office is. As the angle is a sharp one, and the horse was at full speed, he could not manage to turn the corner. Just opposite to him was the house of Mr. Weightman, and in a room on the ground floor the family, with a few friends, in all ten persons, were quietly sitting round the tea-table. Into one of the windows of this small room the horse suddenly leaped, carrying with it its harness, and leaving outside the body of the mail cart, with the terror-stricken driver sitting in it unhurt. The consternation of the party in the room may be imagined. The horse lighted on a chair which had just been vacated by the tea-maker, he then leapt on the table, breaking into shivers the table, cups and saucers, and all its contents. Terrified by the exploit it had performed, the horse then began kicking and plunging about the room, smashed a cheffonier containing wine and brandy bottles and glasses, broke in pieces a sewing-machine, the chairs and sofa, and nearly all the furniture in the room. For about five or six minutes this work of destruction went on. Some of Mr. Weightman's men came to the door, but at first dared not enter the room to secure the infuriated animal. At last the horse was seized by Mr. Weightman's son, who held him till he was quieted. But he could not return as he had entered, so he was led through the kitchen into the back yard, uninjured except to the extent of a few scratches. The strangest part of the story is the providential escape of all the party unhurt; it seems almost miraculous that not one of them was seriously injured. The youngest, a child aged four, lay at one time under the horse's legs, and another, a few years older, was kicked under the grate, but was not much hurt.

MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

At Bow-street, Matthew John Thomas, a clerk in the Registered Letter-office, General Post-office, was charged with stealing a sovereign and a half-sovereign from a registered letter. Suspicion had fallen on the prisoner, and the letter was made up and registered as a "test." It reached its destination, but without the two coins, which were found in his possession when he was apprehended. He was committed for trial.

At Marylebone a rough-looking fellow, named Robert Hunt, aged 33, of 32, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, cabinet-maker, was brought up on a warrant by Samuel Chester, an inspector of out-door poor of the parish of St. Marylebone, charged with a series of violent assaults. Anne Williams (who still bore the traces of a good-looking woman, but who was very weak and emaciated) said she had been living with the prisoner as his wife. Last Sunday morning, about two o'clock, he came home very drunk, and made use of filthy language. When they were in bed, he struck and kicked her, he having his boots on at the time. She had a very bad breast, and could not move. He struck her severely upon it. He then pulled her from the bed and again kicked her. She had said nothing to him. She was dreadfully bruised about the body, her legs especially, and she had been under medical treatment several times through his brutality. Hunt denied kick-

ing her, but admitted striking her. Mr. Mansfield said the prisoner had committed a most abominable crime, for which he must be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for three months.

At Clerkenwell a well dressed young woman, holding a newspaper in her hand, applied to Mr. Barker, to know if she could not live with her husband, whose death was reported in some of the London newspapers, but whom she found to be alive and quite well. About twelve months since her husband deserted her, and three months after that it was reported in the newspapers that he was dead and buried. A few days since she heard that her husband was alive, and on watching his father's house saw him go in one night. She was not, however, allowed to see him. She now wanted an order to compel her husband to see her and to live with her. Mr. Barker said he had no power to make such an order. If her husband had deserted her she must either apply to the Divorce Court or to the parish. The Applicant: I have been to the parish, and I think it very hard that having found my dead husband I cannot make him live with me or support me. Cannot I have a summons for the assault by my father-in-law, who pushed me out of the house? Mr. Barker said the question would be, was more violence used than was necessary to remove her from the house. She might have the summons, but he would advise her not to have it.

At Southwark two strong-looking men dressed in workhouse clothing, named Smith and Charrington, were brought up in custody, charged with creating a disturbance in Bermondsey Workhouse, and inciting the other able-bodied paupers to commit a riot and set the authorities at defiance. Mr. Fallow, the superintendent of labour in the workhouse, said that after the inmates had tea in the dining-hall and grace was being said, the prisoners jumped from their places and shouted out, "Now, boys, let's go at it." They made use of very disgusting and threatening language. The witness was at that time in another part of the building, but the master sent for him, and on entering the hall the prisoners called out to the other young men to come forward and help them. He seized hold of the prisoners, and took them out of the hall, when they became so violent that he was compelled to send for the police and give them into custody. There were in the hall at the time about 80 persons besides the prisoner, who urged them to set the master at defiance. Mr. William Parkins, the master of the house, said he was in the dining-hall, and while grace was being said the prisoners shouted out, "Come on, my boys," and used disgraceful language. Charrington was the first to jump up, and he made a signal to the other men to join him. The witness went up to him, when he threatened him, and had not the police been called in there might have been a serious riot. The prisoners had been refractory for some days. The magistrate observed that it was disgraceful to see hearty and strong men like the prisoners in such a place as the workhouse, when they were well able to work. Their conduct had been so bad that he should sentence each of them to eight days' hard labour at Wandsworth.

At Worship-street, Frederick Tillet, a timber dealer, in an extensive way of business in the Old Ford-road, was brought before Mr. Newton, on a warrant granted by that gentleman to one Henry Sleigh, of No. 1, Milton-road, Old Ford, charged with having, on the night of Friday, the 22nd of March, unlawfully assaulted and wounded the said Henry Sleigh.—Mr. Beard defended, and Mr. Abbott stated that, on the evening in question, his client, the complainant, entered the Marquis of Cornwallis public-house, in Old Ford, Bow, where he observed a man cutting out fancy sketches in coloured paper. Several persons, among whom was the defendant, were round him in front of the bar. Defendant ordered one of these cuttings for himself, but only tendered a penny in payment. Complainant considered the ingenuity of the performance worth at least as much again, and, very foolishly, perhaps, said as much, at the same time throwing down two pence for the operator. This appeared to excite the ire of defendant; words arose, and Mr. Tillet snatched a tumbler from off the counter, rushed forward, and struck Mr. Sleigh with it in the face. The blow unfortunately fell on the right eye, the glass broke, and the eyelids were severely cut. Blood flowed freely from the wound, and it was a question yet whether the sufferer would not lose his sight. The assault was followed by other blows from the fist, until complainant was got away.—Complainant was then sworn, and deposed that he was a cheesemonger out of business.—Mr. Abbott was on the point of examining him, when Mr. Newton remarked, "Let him tell his own story."—Complainant: Well, then, when he only paid a penny I called him a "shabby numbug."—Mr. Newton: Oh, you did, well?—Complainant: He refused to toss for a bottle of champagne, but was willing to stand glasses round if I would do the same. I told him that sort of thing was not high enough for me. Words arose, and we put up our hands—I don't know which first. He had his glass in his left hand, and shoved it into my eye.—Mr. Newton: Who struck first?—Complainant: Well, I won't be positive; perhaps I did.—Mr. Abbott:—That does not justify a man committing such an act as this, by taking a glass from the counter.—Mr. Beard: Ay; but that is just the point—that is, what he did not do; he had it in his hand, and very naturally returned the blow he had received with another, not heeding the glass he held at the moment.—Mr. Newton: Where did you strike him?—Complainant: In the face, I believe. Defendant had a black eye; and his right hand, not the left, as asserted, was cut in several places.—Mr. Newton: I cannot convict here. Complainant admits giving the first blow; and it is clear that the tumbler was in defendant's hand when he struck; there was no premeditation.—Finally, the summons was withdrawn.

At the Middlesex Sessions, G. W. Thompson, clerk, was indicted for obtaining divers sums of money, ranging from 3s. to 10s., by false pretences, from various persons. There were six indictments against the prisoner. Mr. F. H. Lewis (instructed by Messrs. Humphreys and Morgan) prosecuted; Mr. Richard Harris defended the prisoner. The mode the prisoner pursued was to ascertain from certain papers that had fallen into his hands, as to what insurance-offices persons had insured their property, and going there with certain blank forms of an office, urged them to insure in that, as it offered many peculiar advantages. In a number of cases he succeeded in inducing persons to consent to insure in the office named, they, at the same time, lifting up one of the forms he presented. He stated that it would be necessary to pay a certain sum for the registration, and these sums were paid to him, and they saw no more of him. It was afterwards found that he was not authorised to receive applications for insurance in the office, and that, in fact, they had all been swindled out of their money. Mr. R. Harris said that the prisoner had formerly been an accredited agent of an insurance company, and he believed he could obtain new subscribers for this office, fully intending to pay over the money. The jury found the prisoner guilty. The Assistant-Judge sentenced him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two years.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MR. ALFRED MELLON.

It is with deep regret that we have to make known the death of Mr. Alfred Mellon, who expired on Wednesday night, the 27th ultimo, at a quarter before twelve o'clock. Shortly after the termination of his last series of promenade concerts Mr. Mellon was attacked with serious illness; he seemed, however, to have recovered from its effects, when on Monday the 25th ultimo, he experienced a relapse, and succumbed, two days later, under the malady from which he had suffered so long. Only a week before the day of his decease he conducted the first concert of the season of the Musical Society, the ambitious association which he had served so well and so faithfully during the nine years of its memorable existence. Mr. Mellon was a native of Birmingham, and began his musical career in the orchestra of the theatre of his native town. Mr. Webster, however, discerned in the provincial conductor qualities which could be exercised with greater advantage in the metropolis, and promoted him to the post of director and composer to the Adelphi Theatre. Many of the compositions which Mr. Mellon wrote for the special purposes of the theatre, such, for instance, as the "Jacobite" overture, he afterwards introduced with great success into the promenade concerts, with which his name has been of late most prominently connected. He left the Adelphi Theatre to occupy a prominent position in the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, conducting the ballet music, and frequently acting in substitute for his chief, Mr. Costa. When the Musical Society of London was instituted, his great aptitude for the governing of an orchestra led to his appointment as conductor, and during the last five or six years he has renewed in a higher style, at first at the Floral Hall, and afterwards in Covent Garden Theatre, the promenade concerts which were originated, in a commoner form, by the late M. Julien. At Christmas Mr. Mellon brought out the most magnificent pantomime which has ever been attempted in a theatre, and it was hoped that by this bold venture he had recouped himself for his essays in a higher class of public amusement. Mr. Mellon's opera, "Victorine," founded on the Adelphi drama of that name, and several admirably written concert overtures, will secure him a place among composers, but he will be chiefly remembered as the most capable English conductor of his time.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of George T. Smart, Knight, the celebrated composer, and organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, was proved in the London Court, on the 21st instant, by his relict, Dame Frances Margaret Smart, the sole executrix. The personality was sworn under £30,000.

The will is dated May 7, 1862, and Sir George died, at his residence, Bedford-square, Bloomsbury, on Feb. 23rd last, at the age of 90. He has left to his niece, Ann Caroline Smart, an annuity of £50; and to John Gillam Booty, of Gray's Inn, solicitor, a legacy of £100, where-with to purchase some token of my regard for him. The residue, real and personal, he leaves to his wife.

The will of Alexis James Doxat, Esq., of Putney, Surrey, was proved in London on the 11th inst., and the personality sworn under £80,000; the executors and trustees appointed being his wife, Louisa Doxat, his brother-in-law, Lewis Doxat, Esq.; and Lewis Doxat, the son of the last named. These two gentlemen are the acting executors, and to each of them a legacy of £500 is bequeathed. There are several legacies to relatives and friends. The real estate and the residue of the personal he leaves to his widow absolutely. The following are the charitable bequests: To the Swiss Protestant Church, £3,000; the Society for the Relief of Foreigners in distress, £1,000; the Swiss Society (Catholics and Protestants to share alike), £500; a cession in Switzerland, £500; the Brompton Consumption Hospital, £1,000; the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park, £300; Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, £500; Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, £500; Bishopsgate Ward School, £500; Marine Society, £500; Truss Society, £500; London Orphan Asylum, Clapton, £500; Female Orphan Asylum, Westminster, £500; Clergymen's Widows' Society, £300; Brighton Hospital, £500; Westminster Hospital, £500; London Hospital, £500; Infirmary St. Leonards, Hastings, £500; Royal Maternity Society, Chatham-place, £200; Lying-in Hospital, York-road, Lambeth, 200; London Dispensary, Spitalfields, £500. All which legacies are to be paid free of duty.

SALE OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AND PICTURES.

On Monday last there was a sale by auction of water-colour drawings and some few pictures from the collection of the late Lieut.-General Sir W. Herries and others. With the exception of some two or three works of Coppy Fielding, there were no specimens of any great importance as works of art. The water-colour drawing which realised the highest price throughout the sale, was a grand view of Snowdon, with cows reposing near the bank of a river in the foreground, by Coppy Fielding. Another grand landscape with a river, and boy with three cows coming down a road Coppy Fielding, 1847, 850 guineas; a grand view

of Benvorlich, with herdsmen driving cattle along a road at the edge of the lake, by the same artist, 250 guineas; two small landscapes, "Scenes in the Cumberland Lakes," and another lake scene, by Coppy Fielding, only realised 6½ guineas and £1 respectively, and the other specimens realised, generally speaking, very small sums.

THE TATTERSALL TIPSTER.

TATTERSALL'S—MONDAY, APRIL 1.
TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.
5 to 2 agt. Major Elwyn's Plaudit (taken and offered).
THE DERBY.
7 ... 1 ... Mr. Pryor's The Rake (off).
10 ... 1 ... Mr. Chaplin's The Hermit (off).
10 ... 1 ... Mr. Savile's D'Estournel (off, take 12 to 1).
11 ... 1 ... Major Elwyn's Plaudit (tak.)
10,000 ... 300 ... Marquis of Exeter's Grand Cross (taken).
5,000 ... 25 ... Mr. Maund's Man of Ross (tak.)
The subscription-room will be opened on Saturday next, April 6.

The following notices were posted on the board:—

"The Hon. Admiral Rous has requested his name to be withdrawn from the list of names of members of the Committee of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms."

"At a meeting of the Committee, held this day, it was decided that the Soiled Dove case is to be re-opened, and will be heard on Saturday, the 13th of April at Tattersall's, at three p.m."

"The Committee are of opinion that the rule which says, 'No member can settle the account of a non-subscriber,' shall be cancelled."

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as to conceal the entrance of a cavern. The hedge overthrown, a stentorian voice was heard. "Fate largo!" it cried—"Stand back!" "Surrender, or you are dead," retorted the lieutenant. "Save this woman." It was Bianchi, who wanted to save Generosa, probably intending afterwards to defend himself desperately. But De Angelis left him no time. No sooner had the woman passed out than he rushed in with his men, and seized the bandit before he could defend himself. Seeing escape impossible, Bianchi dashed his revolver to the ground and resigned himself to his fate. The cave was spacious within; a lamp was burning before an image of the Madonna. Generosa's prayer-book was there, the places marked with bills given for ransom. The brigand was provided with abundant ammunition, a double-barrelled gun, and a revolver. In a corner was a bed of blankets and a good store of wine, cheese, bread, and sausage; also a little pastry, supplied by the *mamutengoli* of Colosimo's house. On Bianchi were found a gold hunting-watch and a considerable sum in gold and silver coin. On parting from his mistress he threw himself into her arms and kissed her. Thenceforward he did not utter a word, his eyes lost all their expression and assumed a glassy look. This was the end of Pietro Bianchi, after he had for seven years stained the district of Nicastro with blood.

"MISERY OF MONEY HUNTING.—I know no more uncomfortable walking than that which falls to the lot of men who go into the City to look for money, and who find none. Of all the lost steps trodden by men, surely the steps lost after that fashion are the most melancholy. It is not only that they are so vain, but that they are accompanied by so killing a sense of shame! To wait about in dingy rooms, which look on to bare walls, and are approached through some Hook Court; or to keep appointments at a low coffee-house, to which trystings the money-lender will not trouble himself to come unless it pleases him; to be civil, almost suppliant, to a cunning knave whom the borrower loathes; to be refused thrice, and then cheated with his eyes open on the fourth attempt; to submit himself to vulgarity of the foulest kind, and to have to seem to like it; to be badgered, reviled, and at last accused of want of honesty by the most fraudulent of mankind; and at the same time to be clearly conscious of the ruin that is coming—this is the fate of him who goes into the City to find money, not knowing where it is to be found!"—*Last Chronicle of Barret.*

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